

THE HIDDEN GEM

WISEMAN



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R. J. Dwyer,

‘THE HIDDEN GEM’

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"THE HIDDEN GEM."

A

DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

COMPOSED FOR THE COLLEGE JUBILEE OF
ST. CUTHBERT'S, USHAW, 1858.

BY

H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN ^{mc} ₁₇

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TO THE
RT. REV. MONSIGNOR NEWSHAM, D.D.,
PRESIDENT OF ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE,

MY TUTOR IN BOYHOOD,

MY PROFESSOR IN YOUTH,

AND

MY FRIEND THROUGH LIFE,

¶ AFFECTIONATELY AND REVERENTLY

DEDICATE THIS LITTLE WORK.

N. C. W.



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PRELIMINARY ACCOUNT
OF
ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE
AND ITS
JUBILEE

PRELIMINARY ACCOUNT

OF THE

JUBILEE OF ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE.

The publication of a drama, composed expressly for the great Jubilee of St. Cuthbert's College, in the year 1858, has been felt by many attached friends and devoted *alumni* of that Community, to be a suitable occasion for placing on record the main facts of the celebration itself, prefaced by a brief sketch of the origin and earliest annals of the College, whose first era it brought to a close with such signal distinction. Such a notice, even although, far from rising to the rank of a chronicle, it were to shrink within the limits of a mere memorandum, would seem at any rate called for as a satisfaction to the filial instincts of so many loyal and loving hearts, no less than as a public tribute of gratitude to the venerable President and other superiors of St. Cuthbert's, tendered in the name of all those who, upon the occasion in question were the recipients of their munificent hospitality, and the sharers of their festive joy.

Yet the difficulty which the historian attributes to the Athenian orator, is eminently and unaffectedly that of one who addresses himself to such a

task. "Hard is it to praise where the language of eulogy must needs be felt by some to be in arrear of their forward sympathies, by others in advance of their tardy judgments."* So he who writes at once for the chivalrous sons of Ushaw, and for the colder-hearted critics of the world at large, finds it hard, indeed, to devise a form of phrase so nicely adjusted as to meet the expectations of readers so variously disposed, and to be chargeable neither by the one class with the error of defect, nor by the other with that of exaggeration. The only solution of the problem which occurs to the mind of the present writer, is to aim, as far as possible, at producing a narrative of facts, so simple as to risk the imputation rather of crudeness than of hyperbole, yet so faithful as to be open to no material correction from those who are qualified to pronounce upon it.

There is yet another reason, more publicly important than either of those already assigned, for giving some formal expression to the memory of the Ushaw Jubilee, while yet fresh and vigorous. That Jubilee is beyond question a great fact in our contemporaneous Catholic history; great in itself; great in its contrasts with the past; great in its auguries of the future. In the second and third of these aspects it was the theme of eloquent description in the hands of more than one practised orator at its actual celebration. In the first, it was in itself more eloquent than any panegyric. It is no embellishment of the truth, but the bare

• Vid. Thucyd. L. ii. c. 35.

truth itself, to note, that, within the precincts of a college devoted to the maintenance and teaching of the Catholic Faith in a country where that Faith, no such long time ago, was the object of wearing persecution, and is still the topic of a deep-rooted and extensive prejudice, there were gathered not scores, but hundreds, of the Catholic clergy and laity of Great Britain, and this, too, without the necessity of removing a single student from the immediate range of college discipline, as well as without the loss of necessary pastoral supervision to a single mission throughout the country. It is no exaggeration, but a simple fact, that in this great gathering was represented—yet no more than represented—not merely each element in Catholic society, and each function of our renewed ecclesiastical constitution, but those elements and functions especially whose very presence in the midst of us is a token of the restoration of Catholic order, and the reproduction of Catholic life, such as no superciliousness can ignore and no prejudice can blink. For not merely were there prelates of England, who, though but a fraction of our hierarchy, outnumbered the full complement of our bishops in times within the memory of the younger amongst us,* and the representatives of capitular bodies, who evidence, not the establishment only, but the consolidation, of that hierarchy which was met, upon its introduction, by so much of open resistance, and so much of sinister prediction; but

* There were but four Vicars Apostolic in England before the year 1840.

chiefly were there to be seen in large numbers the more recent converts to our Faith, bearing upon their features that inimitable expression of peace, and in their gait that incommunicable air of happy freedom and confidence, which can come of nothing but the consciousness of security. Surely all this was enough to stamp the celebration with importance, and invest it with interest. Had it, indeed, been the object of some painter, or some dramatic mechanist, to group in striking combination, or bring out in vivid prominence, the various facts and characters of our latest history, not so much in their aggregate, as by representation and specimen, he could hardly have produced a more successful result of his art or contrivance than was the unstudied and unsought effect of this free action and fortuitous concurrence.

Yet it is certain that, to estimate the full importance of the event, we must take it in connection with the earlier antecedents of St. Cuthbert's College, and with the circumstances from which that College derived its beginning. Hence, any notice of the Jubilee of 1858 would be essentially imperfect which did not touch, at least, upon the history of Ushaw College, and of the Church in England, so far as it bears upon Ushaw.

It is well known that, previously to the breaking out of the Great French Revolution, the priests, who kept alive the flickering embers of our holy religion in England, received their ecclesiastical education in great numbers at the English College of Douai, then conducted by Secular Clergy. The progress of that terrible Revolution, as the nature

of its aims, and the character of its agents, were more and more plainly developed, naturally became a subject of the utmost alarm to the inmates of ecclesiastical seminaries, and especially to such as, like those of Douai and St. Omer, were the nurseries of the English clergy. Some time before the storm burst in all its fury upon the English College at Douai, the menace of its approach had the effect of driving many of the students to their native country. It was as early as the beginning of the year 1793 that they began to arrive in England. There being, at that time, no place of ecclesiastical education for Catholics in this country, these young men had no resource but to return to their friends. At length the Right Rev. Dr. Douglass, then Vicar Apostolic of the London District, acting in conjunction with Dr. Gibson, Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, and fearing the effect of this interruption of ecclesiastical studies, and yet more the moral consequences of a transition from a life of wholesome discipline to one of indolence and relaxation, summoned these students from their homes, and placed them under the care of the Rev. Mr. Potier, who kept a lay school at Old Hall Green, in Hertfordshire, where many of the scattered students were thus assembled before the end of the year 1793. These students numbered nearly twenty, so that it became necessary to make alterations in Mr. Potier's house with a view to their reception.

About a month before this arrangement was carried into effect, the storm of revolutionary fury,

which had been so long expected, fell with tremendous violence upon the English College at Douai. President, professors, and students, to the number of forty-one, were hurried off to the citadel of Douvens, and there imprisoned. This occurred on the 16th of October. On the 24th of the next month four of this party made their escape, and on the 15th of the January following (1794) eleven more succeeded in leaving the fortress, by means of a rope let down from the walls. By the great mercy of Providence aiding their own heroic spirit of enterprise, the whole fifteen effected a safe landing in England, though not till after many difficulties and dangers. A portion of the eleven, whose escape was the later, on their arrival in London, repaired to the house of Dr. Douglass, the Vicar Apostolic. Whether from the difficulty of finding accommodation for them in the over-crowded establishment of Mr. Potier in Hertfordshire, or from some other unexplained cause, his Lordship made no suggestions to them about repairing to Old Hall Green. They had no option, therefore, but to betake themselves to their homes, which lay in the north of England. Here they soon came under the eye of Dr. Gibson, the Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, and were sent by his Lordship to a lay school kept by the Rev. Arthur Storey, at Tudhoe, near Durham. The first to avail himself of the Bishop's kindness was Mr. (afterwards the Reverend) Thomas Cock, who arrived at Tudhoe on the 10th of March, 1794. He was soon joined by Messrs. Rickaby, Dawson, and Storey. And here our brief

historical survey brings us to a name not only dear to the sons of St. Cuthbert's, but intimately and honourably connected with the literature of our country. Among those who had received their education at Douai, was the justly celebrated Dr. Lingard, at that time tutor in the family of Lord Stourton. On hearing that some of his former pupils had arrived at Tudhoe, he requested, and obtained, leave to join them, and once more became their teacher.

Among the Douai students, who had previously been placed by Dr. Douglass at Old Hall Green, some were subjects of the Northern District. Desirous of removing to the scene of their future labours, these students made application to Dr. Gibson to receive them. But the difficulty was to find a place suitable for an ecclesiastical college, since, as we have already said, the establishment at Tudhoe was purely secular. By one of those remarkable coincidences which so clearly denote the hand of Divine Providence in the whole of this memorable passage of our ecclesiastical history, Dr. Gibson happened, when he received the application of the Old Hall Green students, to be on a visit at the house of Mr. Silvertop, who was able to assist him in his difficulty.

The Bishop resolved, as a preliminary step, upon removing his students from Tudhoe to Pontop Hall. Pontop Hall was the seat of a Catholic mission, the duties of which were discharged by the Reverend Thomas Eyre, who resided about two miles distant from Crook Hall, which was a deserted mansion of the Baker family, situated

near Lanchester, in the county of Durham. To Pontop Hall, accordingly, the students collected at Tudhoe at once repaired under the conduct of Dr. Lingard, and took up their residence in Mr. Eyre's mission-house. This occurred on the 9th of September, 1794. Here the students from Tudhoe were soon joined by Messrs. Bradley and Lupton.

On the 15th of the following October, the house at Crook was in a condition to receive the new colony, which on that day was finally settled in it. The 15th of October, 1794, is therefore the date of the foundation of the first ecclesiastical college of the Northern District, and that which was the nursery of the future St. Cuthbert's.

Critics, far severer than any to whose eye these pages are likely to be subjected, will surely excuse, even if they cannot appreciate, the minute, the almost punctilious precision with which dates, apparently trivial, and names, which, however justly dear to those who remember them, and however precious for the inappreciable services of those who bore them, are, (with one great and other lesser exceptions) comparatively unknown to the world at large, have here, of set purpose and with full deliberation, been brought under public review. We are now recounting, (it must be borne in mind,) however imperfectly, the steps, few yet momentous, silent yet sure, by which these our pilgrim-fathers, exiles and wayfarers from their youth up, and heroes in God's army before their youth's close, are wending their way by the light of faith and obedience to their destined

but as yet unrevealed home; thence, again, after a brief sojourn, to come forth with energy recruited, and strong in holy lore, that they may sow the seeds of that great harvest of which we, their successors, are now reaping the fruits. It may be permitted us, therefore, with reverent and loving exactitude, to note their progress, and treat their memory with somewhat of that religious regard wherewith the ancient Romans preserved the footprints and enshrined the names of the founders of their race.

The new college at Crook Hall was placed by the Bishop under the presidency of the Reverend Thomas Eyre, who was removed from the Pontop Mission to take charge of it. At the same time Dr. Lingard became Vice-President. Mr. John Bell who had been engaged as tutor in the Silvertop family, was called upon by the Bishop to fill the office of General Prefect. These gentlemen constituted the professorial staff of the college, and began their work with the forementioned refugee students, to whom was added in the following month, Mr. Henry Silvertop, the late Mr. Witham of Lartington, who had quitted Douai on the first outbreak of the Revolution.

As soon as the College at Crook Hall came into active operation, Dr. Gibson requested Dr. Douglass to send to it from Old Hall Green such of the students as belonged to the Northern District. These were six in number: their names were, Charles Saul, Edward Monk, Richard Thompson, Thomas Gillow, Thomas Penswick, and George Leo Haydock. These, with the exception of the last

named, repaired to Crook Hall at once, and arrived there before the end of the year 1794. Mr. Eyre, the President, who had himself filled many important offices at Douai, proceeded to model the new college precisely upon the type of his former Alma Mater, and to the present day the constitutions and regulations of Douai College are preserved and carried out in St. Cuthbert's College with scrupulous fidelity.

The English Secular College at St. Omer would seem to have suffered by the Revolution, even more than the sister institution of Douai. Few, comparatively, of its inmates had withdrawn from it before the arrival of the Republican troops, and the President, Dr. Gregory Stapleton, the Professors, and no less than sixty-four of the students, were seized and thrown into prison, first at Arras, and subsequently at Douvens, at both of which fortresses they suffered the most cruel hardships.

Upon the fall of Robespierre, the English prisoners were released, and such of them as had been members of the two colleges, arrived in England on the 2nd of March, 1795.

Of the twenty-six professors and students who came with the Reverend John Daniel, the President of Douai College, the following five proceeded to Crook Hall: Joseph Swinburne, John Penswick,* Matthew Forster, Robert Gradwell,† and

* The only priest now living, who studied at the old College of Douai. [He died Oct. 30, 1864, at the venerable age of 86.]

† Afterwards Coadjutor to the Vicar-Apostolic of the London District

Thomas Berry ; while three of their number, John Delany, Richard Brodrick, and Lewis Havard, entered the academy of Mr. Potier, at Old Hall Green. This fresh accession to the numbers at Crook Hall, raised the complement of Professors and students, exclusively of the President, the Reverend Thomas Eyre, to twenty-one.

The number of students in Mr. Potier's academy at Old Hall Green, was now increased by the addition of Dr. Stapleton, with one Professor and twelve students. The number of refugee students, was thirteen from St. Omer and nine from Douai, making in all twenty-two. About this time the establishment was removed from the care of Mr. Potier, and placed under that of Dr. Stapleton, who was formally installed by Dr. Douglass, as the first President of the College of Old Hall Green. This was on the Feast of the Assumption, 1795, which accordingly forms the date of the foundation of St. Edmund's College. The rules and constitutions of that College were not founded strictly upon the model either of Douai or St. Omer, although Dr. Stapleton had been connected with both of those seminaries, but were selected from the codes of each, according to Dr. Stapleton's judgment of their suitability to the occasion. It thus appears that Old Hall College, through its first President, who had been also President of St. Omer's, derives its origin from St. Omer's rather than from Douai, whereas the College of Ushaw is strictly and exclusively the lineal descendant of Douai.

Previously to this period, the bishops and leading

clergy were actively engaged in the attempt to form one great Ecclesiastical Seminary for the whole of England, at Thorpe Arch, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire. The project, however, was relinquished about the month of June, 1795, whereupon the Reverend John Daniel, the president of Douai College, went, in company with Dr. Gibson, to Crook Hall, and was by his Lordship formally installed as President in the place of the Reverend Thomas Eyre, who resigned in his favour, and accepted the office of Vice-President. This arrangement was effected upon the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Before the close of the Octave, Dr. Stapleton, who had been President of the English College at St. Omer, and who had lately replaced Mr. Potier as head of the Academy at Old Hall Green, arrived at Crook Hall, and after a long conference, the original arrangement was restored, and Mr. Eyre resumed the office of President. The bishop then took his leave, in company with Dr. Stapleton. The object of this purely amicable change was to enable Mr. Daniel to make his claim upon the French Government for the sequestered property of Douai College, under the title of President of that College; a title which he retained till his death, at Paris, in the year 1823.

Dr. Gibson, who had never ceased to entertain the project of establishing a large college for the Northern District, since the plan of a general place of ecclesiastical education for England had been abandoned, and who founded the College at Crook Hall as the instalment of a far more important undertaking, had, by the year 1804, so far matured

his plans, as to begin the work which was finally completed four years later. The spot chosen for the new College was Ushaw, near Durham.

At length, on the nineteenth day of July, 1808, the house at Crook Hall was evacuated, and its inmates took possession of their new and more commodious quarters. The transit from the one house to the other was made in a manner so simple as to be absolutely primitive and patriarchal. The Rev. Thomas Eyre, the President, "having first," (as is testified by an authentic record,) "carefully locked the door of each and every room" of the abandoned house, proceeded, on foot, accompanied by his professors and students, to the new house at Ushaw, distant about nine miles. The original College of Ushaw still remains, and a wish has been expressed, which will probably find an echo in many hearts, that this portion of the present building should be preserved with an almost religious care. However different from the splendid fabric which has grown up around and about it, it has an interest which the lapse of time, far from diminishing, will but increase in an accelerated ratio, both as the older building throws out, in a kind of relief, the magnitude of the work which has grown out of it; and, yet more, as it forms a standing memento of days, the retrospect of which must ever be a subject of intense gratitude to those who have lived to witness the progress of religion in England.

Just fifty years from the date of this singular exodus, and simple inauguration, upon how different a scene did the bright sun of July cast down

its cheering rays ! Its dawning light, indeed, disclosed in their garb of sober grey the outline of those gently sloping hills. Its parting beams flung across that varied landscape, the glowing tints of eve. Old Durham's sullen bell, less the herald of a joyful service, than the knell of a departed Sacrifice, chimed, or rather tolled, its summons, at morn, and eventide, to a church despoiled of its life, and a worship denuded of its poetry. These were the same ; yet were there changes both material and moral. The miracles of one era had become the customary facts of another. Time had been economised, labour epitomized, space all but annihilated. Travelling, then a toil, was now a luxury, and priests were sped, or rather spirited, through the yielding air, from London to York, in hardly a longer time than that score of holy adventurers had taken to plod their tedious way from Crook to Ushaw.

Yet of all the marvels which that half century had wrought, none, perhaps, was greater than the marvel of St. Cuthbert's itself. A college, no unworthy compeer of the noblest of our mediæval institutions, had spread its goodly amplitude. A magnificent chapel, with its cluster of tributary oratories, a library, a museum of vast length, a refectory of stately proportions, a spacious theatre of literary exhibition, ample rooms, lines of dormitories, and almost a mileage of cloister, had sprung up, as if by miracle. But we are lingering at the starting-point of our work, though, as we fear, we have almost exhausted the reader's patience. Let us proceed, then, at once to the Jubilee.

It will not be expected that, in recording the event of this memorable celebration, we should attempt in a necessarily brief and preliminary notice, to set down more than the leading facts, or draw attention to other features of the occasion than those by which it was distinguished from ordinary college festivals. Hence we must pass over very cursorily the proceedings of the first and third of the three days devoted to the commemoration, for it was the second of those days which impressed a peculiar character upon the occasion. But here an exception must be made in favour of an incident which, though it occurred on one of those less prominent days, was entirely characteristic of the Jubilee itself—the inauguration of the “Jubilee Fund,” for the advancement of objects connected with the educational interests of the College. For a similar reason, many addresses delivered on the occasion must be omitted, and others materially curtailed. And we must dismiss in a single sentence such features of the occasion as the splendours of the hospitality, the kindness with which it was dispensed, the enthusiasm of the students, the credit reflected by them in various ways upon the care of which they are unceasingly the objects, and the good feeling and happy cheerfulness which prevailed far and wide throughout the immense assemblage of visitors. Indeed, the invitation by which the eye of each new comer was met on his arrival at the door of the College, received on the part of all its marked and practical response.

SALVETE · HOSPITES

DIEM · AVSPICATISSIMVM · CONCELEBRATVRI

ESTO · PROCVL · A · LIMINE · QVIDQVID · NOCET · VEL · ANGIT

QUIN · VOBIS · ADVENIENTIBVS · OCCVRRANT · PAX ·

ET · GAVDIVM

DIMIDIATVM · SAECVLVM · QVAE ·

SIGNAT · LVX

DET · FELICEM · ANNIS · ANTEACTIS · EXITVM

LAETVM · VENTVRIS · OMEN

QVARE · ET · VOS · DOMVM · INTRANTES · OMNIA

FAVSTA · ADPRECAMINI

ET · VNA · MENTE · ATQVE · VOCE · CONCLAMATE

HAVETE · VOS.

The Jubilee day, Wednesday, the 21st July, 1858, was opened by the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice, with its more solemn and festive accompaniments, in the magnificent chapel of the College, after many private celebrations of the numerous bishops and priests collected in the house. The High Mass was celebrated by the Right Reverend Dr. Hogarth, Bishop of Hexham, in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of the Province. There were present, in episcopal habit,

besides the celebrant and assisting Cardinal, the following bishops of England and Scotland; the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, Bishop of Beverley; the Right Reverend Dr. Gillis, Bishop of Limyra, and Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland: the Right Rev. Dr. Roskell, Bishop of Nottingham; the Hon. and Right Reverend Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton; and the Right Reverend Dr. Amherst, Bishop of Northampton. The following prelates were also present; the Hon. and Right Reverend Monsignor Talbot, Chamberlain to His Holiness; the Right Reverend Monsignor Weedall, D.D.; and the Right Reverend Monsignor Newsham, D.D. With these were united in assistance at the holy solemnities, a vast concourse of clergy and laity, whose names it would be impossible, consistently with our present limits, to particularize.

The sermon was preached by the Cardinal Archbishop, from the text, Lev. xxv. 10, "They shall sanctify the fiftieth year; for it is the year of Jubilee." A few extracts from this discourse, taken from the notes of a short-hand writer present at it, are necessary to the completeness of the present notice.

The Cardinal began by observing that Time is the gift of God; and that there is no portion of it, whether small or large, but must have its festival. The Church, however, counts not by weeks, or months, or years alone, but must commemorate all those greater divisions of time which denote her progress towards her consummation. All who take the law of God for their rule, and the practice of the Church for their model, must desire to mark

those epochs which are sanctified under both Dispensations, by corresponding celebrations. St. Cuthbert's College has thus reached a point in its history at which it does well to plant a land-mark, which may be seen at a distance, and become sacred to those who follow us, and which may, above all, be revered and honoured as a monument of Divine Goodness. It is right that such a Jubilee should be celebrated, and celebrated as becomes those who believe that whatever of prosperity, of happiness, or of joy descends upon us is the gift of God. It is in this spirit that the day of our festivity is begun by a solemn offering of the first-fruits to God.....

The day from which St. Cuthbert's dates its beginning is so clearly defined, and its characteristics so strongly marked, that it never can be repeated. That day was once, and is for ever gone, like the day of a man's birth. It cannot recur. But how shall we make this day other than the hundreds and thousands which have preceded it, or may follow it? If we approach a stream which is for ever flowing, and watch its course for a time, and then leave it and return to it after an interval, it seems to us the same. Every ripple, every little wave which we had noticed, murmurs over the pebbles; every hollow which it makes round the stones that for a moment arrest its course; every sweeping rush around a projecting point, every deep calm pool beneath the overshadowing tree—all is the same. And yet, while we are looking on, not a drop, not a particle, of that water remains for an instant in its place. While we have been watching these movements, all has flowed on and

beyond us, never, never, to return. It is so with the history of this House. It is at once liable to a perpetual change, yet possesses an endless stability.

"Some of you," said the preacher, "will return here after a longer or a shorter interval, and it will appear to you precisely the same. You will see the same professors, the same pupils, almost the same countenances repeated in every gradation, from the child's to the man's. There are the same friendly sounds, the same studies, the same duties, the same unvarying round of observances. And yet, not one particle of this whole but is in a constant flux. The child of to-day is the boy of to-morrow—and so of others. Thus, while the whole order and operation of things remain untouched, yet in a few years not one of these atoms will remain."

The preacher then proceeded to say that it became necessary to mark the great day on which they had met, by some extraordinary token. Such a token was found in the sacred relic, which it was proposed then solemnly to inaugurate, and thus render the day memorable indeed in the annals of the college. That day, then, was to be placed, under the custody of St. Cuthbert's Church and St. Cuthbert's College, the ring borne by the saint, under whose patronage they lived. He then went on to trace the history of this precious relic.

"It is perfectly certain," said the Cardinal, "that when the tomb of St. Cuthbert was opened by the Royal Commissioners in 1537,—concerning the identity of which tomb at its first opening no doubt has ever existed,—there was found upon the finger of the saint his episcopal ring of gold, with a sapphire stone of great beauty. It passed into the keeping of the last Catholic Dean, afterwards Bishop of Durham, Thomas Watson. From him it passed, through another hand, into the possession of Lord Montague, who shel-

tered in his house, besides other priests, the Rev. Richard Smith, first Vicar Apostolic of England. He, yielding to the pressure of the times, retired abroad, and died in a religious house in Paris, which he had founded on the Rule of St. Augustine. To the members of that community he left this precious relic, which has remained with them up to the time of its transmission here. Never for a moment, even during the terrible French Revolution, through which that single religious house was spared, did this relic pass from the keeping of its holy guardians, or from the shrine, poor indeed, in which it was contained. If any one asked those religious what value they set upon this precious object, they would answer, as I have heard them answer, that it bore to them a double worth: first, as it was a sacred memorial of one of the saints of the ancient English Church, and secondly, as a legacy of their pious founder. Again, and again, on my visiting Paris and that house, the relic was brought to me to venerate. It seemed to strike the religious, that I had a strong feeling on the subject. Once, at length, it was said to me, 'You think this relic ought to be in England.' 'Certainly,' I replied, 'I think the relics of every English saint find their natural home in England.' 'Why?' 'Because you will remember, that, when Jerusalem was besieged, and the time of its doom had come, as the signal that God had given it up to vengeance, and would not be reconciled to this favoured city, a voice was heard crying that the saints were departing from it. And so the doom of this country was sealed, when the saints, who had been removed in spirit, were removed also in body.What brighter sign can there be, that the time of reconciliation is at hand, than that the saints who once departed are returning to 'us?' The next time I visited the House, little thinking of the consolation which awaited me, but having said that one thing only was wanted to make St. Cuthbert's College, truly St. Cuthbert's own—this pledge of his presence—it was whispered in my ear, 'If you will ask for St. Cuthbert's ring for St. Cuthbert's College, it will be granted you.' Instantly I made the application; and, by an act of self-denial and self-sacrifice, which I call heroic, those religious sent back the ring, and this day I wear it; the first time that a bishop of the Catholic Church has borne it on his finger. **And you shall be the witnesses of its authentication and enshrine-**

ment, and venerate it with the encouragement which I am happy to announce, has been awarded by the Holy Father, of a Plenary Indulgence. I will not enter upon the question whether the ring was actually worn by the Saint during his life, or whether it was put with other things upon his body when the tomb was opened about the year 1100. Suffice it for us, that it has been borne on that sacred hand for hundreds of years."

At the end of Mass the whole of the bishops assisting, signed the formal document of authentication. The ring was then venerated; each of the persons present coming up to the sanctuary where the Cardinal Archbishop stood, wearing the ring which was kissed by all in succession.

At the appointed hour the company assembled in the hall of exhibition. The gradual gathering of the vast assembly into this magnificent apartment, the incidents attending upon it, and the spectacle exhibited, are thus described by an eyewitness, recording his impressions when they were still fresh and vivid.

"The exhibition-room at Ushaw is one of the most splendid apartments of that splendid house. . . . It is of majestic height and ample dimensions. At the end are tiers of seats rising to more than half the height of the room, and opposite, on occasion of the Jubilee, was a stage, tastefully and judiciously arranged for the purpose, whether of an orchestra or a theatre. In the centre of the front row of the rising tier sat the Cardinal Archbishop, with bishops and prelates ranging on either side of him to the right and left. . . . We could wish that this scene had been photographed. The dress worn by the bishops and prelates on such semi-state occasions is one of the most graceful and beautiful that can be imagined. It brought them out in strong relief to the rest of the assemblage, who were in ordinary costume, and as most were clergy, the contrast was the more striking. The absence of study and formality greatly added to the effect of the scene. Behind the bishops and other visitors rose in ascending gradation the ranks of enthusiastic students. But we

are anticipating matters. The line of dignitaries is not yet filled. The last of the visitors is in the hall; in the gallery hosts of impatient youths, on the floor knots of priests and laymen busily engaged in conversation. Suddenly there is a cheer which almost appals you. Again a brief interval, and then another cheer as stunning as the former. A seat at the Cardinal's right hand has been filled, but its venerable occupant has taken possession of it almost like an apparition. So modestly, so noiselessly, so unobservedly did he glide to it, that you are fain to doubt whence and how he came, though the cheer which has startled you is proof positive that a hundred eyes descried his approach, and a hundred hearts were strung up to the cracking point to peal forth his welcome. Another, and another, and another cheer! It is for the patriarch among our bishops, the Bishop of Beverley, whose singularly beautiful and venerable appearance must secure him attention in any assembly, and whose benevolent eye, beaming with the light of kindness, and the promise of 'play-days,' especially endears him to the sympathies of studious youth. Or that cheer speaks to strangers of the affection borne to the venerable Bishop of Hexham, well-loved because well-known, or of the popularity of Scotland's gifted prelate, and Ushaw's adopted son, the amiable and eloquent Gillis."*

The proceedings of the day were opened with an address, spoke by Mr. Arthur Wilberforce, a promising scion of that distinguished family, and the grandson of the eminent English philanthropist, whose distinguished career was coeval with the primitive, and, as we may call them, primo-primitive, annals of Ushaw College.

This address was followed by five congratulatory orations delivered in succession by the following gentlemen; the Honourable Charles Langdale; the Very Reverend Dr. Russell, President of St.

* Dublin Review, Oct. 1858.

Patrick's College, Maynooth ; Sir William Lawson, Baronet ; the Very Reverend Frederick Oakeley, Canon, and the Very Reverend Henry Edward Manning, Provost, of the Metropolitan Chapter of Westminster. Mr. Langdale, with the manly and forcible eloquence characteristic of himself, and so full of that "moral persuasiveness," which is the greatest charm of oratory, took a retrospect of the "last fifty years" of St. Cuthbert's. Dr. Russell followed, upon the subject of Dr. Lingard's eminent services to historical literature. Sir William Lawson gave a most interesting sketch of the benefits conferred by Ushaw upon the Church in England. Canon Oakeley made an address upon "Catholic Collegiate Education," especially in its religious aspect, illustrated by his experience of Oxford,* and the Provost of Westminster wound up the series by an eloquent anticipation of the probable course of events in Catholic England during the period of which the Jubilee, in bringing the last half century to a close, formed the beginning.

The Cardinal Archbishop, having summed up the argument of these several addresses, the proceedings ended with the performance of the following :

* This address, of which a written copy had been preserved, is just published uniformly with the present work.

JUBILEE ODE.*

No breezes play, no sunbeams smile,
 Throughout the length of Britain's isle,
 Upon a more loved honoured pile
 Than this our College home ;
 Heir of the rays which no more shine
 In Finchal's vale, on banks of Tyne,
 Round holy Cuthbert's rifled shrine,
 Or Bede's yet hallowed tomb.

CHORUS.

Then join in chorus, man and boy,
 Long reign in this our noble College
 Celestial truth and earthly knowledge,
 Study's toil, and virtue's joy.

II.

We love our church, its image, stalls,
 Our graceful chapels, noble halls,
 Our ambulacra's pictured walls,
 Our library's rich lore,
 We love our ball-place, lake, and bounds,
 Our merry games' perennial rounds,
 The hubbub of their joyful sounds,
 Shouts, cheers, and laughter's roar.

CHORUS.

Then join in chorus, man and boy,
 Long reign in this our noble College,
 Celestial truth and earthly knowledge,
 Study's toil, and virtue's joy.

* *The words by H. E. the Cardinal : the music by Mr. Richardson, of Liverpool.*

III.

But hush ! good spirits fill the air :
 They come our joy and love to share,
 Great Lingard, Gibson, Gillow, Eyre,
 Who sleep beneath our sod '
 And many a one whose youthful head
 Soon drooped above the tainted bed,
 Then sank among the martyred dead :
 The path here taught who trod.

CHORUS.

Then join in chorus, man and boy,
 Long reign in this our noble College
 Celestial truth with earthly knowledge,
 Study's toil, and virtue's joy.

IV.

Then up, up, cheerily, dash we on !
 Not words, but deeds mark Ushaw's sor
 The world's wide battle-field upon,
 With evil deadly strife !
 In faith uncompromising zeal,
 Devotion to our country's weal,
 Charity, honour, virtue—seal,
 Brothers ! our coming life.

CHORUS.

Then join in chorus, man and boy,
 Long reign in this our noble College
 Celestial truth and earthly knowledge,
 Study's toil, and virtue's joy.

After the Jubilee Banquet, rendered chiefly remarkable by the enthusiastic reception of a speech from the Right Reverend Monsignor Talbot, in reply to the proposal of the Health of Pope Pius IX., the company assembled once more in the Hall

of exhibition to witness the representation of the Drama which has given rise to this preliminary sketch. And having brought our historical record to this point, we will close it with one observation. If, on an occasion when there were so many subjects to awaken interest, and so many names to elicit enthusiasm, it be possible to select one subject and one name above the rest, as those which were uppermost in the minds, and nearest to the lips, of this great company, they were those which are commemorated in the following lines, the recital of which was hailed by the audience as the opportunity of displaying their feelings in one last, united, and long-continued burst of thrilling acclamation. Those lines will form the appropriate close of the present sketch.

Carinus. But surely few could measure back that *æra*
Of half a century?

Alexius.

Alas! but few.

And in the house one only. In the midst
Of all he sate, uniting old and young,
Friends of his youth, disciples of his age;
So that he smiled on all, and made all smile.
His life the chain, which, threading one by one
The circlets of past fifty years, joined them
Into one generation. Many hung
From ring or link; alone he held both ends.

So many had he led on wisdom's path,
So many had sustained up virtue's steep,
That by consent they called him all—"THE DOCTOR."
Aye, "THE OLD DOCTOR" was their name of love.

F. C. G.

PROLOGUE

TO "THE HIDDEN GEM."

Recited at the performance of that drama by the members of the Catholic Institute of St. Philip Neri, at Liverpool, on the 26th of January, 1859

Unscared by menace, unreformed by age,
Deaf to the voice of prophet, priest, and sage,
Despite Experience's instructive rules,
The pith of proverbs, and the lore of schools,
Which tell, in words of wisdom from of old,
How all that glitters is not therefore gold ;
The knowing world, in changeless accents cries,
" The gold that glitters is the gold *I* prize."

Yet might the world its eye sagacious turn
To Nature's truthful tablets, there to learn
The ways and workings of mysterious Grace,
In type reflected on Creation's face ;

Sure it had known how precious things of earth
On hearts unthankful waste their useless worth ;
How gifts of goodliest form and fairest bloom
Lurk in the deep, or slumber in the gloom ;
How caves unfathomed hide the priceless ore,
And pearls of ocean strew the desert shore,
And sweetest flowers of summer live and die,
Unseen, unheeded, save by Angel's eye :
Taught by these monitors, the world might know
How purest treasure oft may poorest show.

O, knew we but our bliss, the happiest we,
To whom 'tis giv'n this gracious truth to see,
Not couched in emblem, nor by hint conveyed,
But in the Church's book to Faith displayed !
For sure the Church is that prolific Field,
Whose depths unsearched no answering produce
yield ;

She is that Garden, where the gifts of Spring
On arid winds their fruitless fragrance fling ;
The Casket she, where gems unnoticed lie,
The staple of Heav'n's beauteous jewelry.

A gem like this, so hidden, yet so bright,
We set before you, Christian friends, to-night
The young Alexius, rich and nobly born,
Gave all to God ; then, " lonely, not forlorn,"
By men despised, but full of heavenly joy,
He roamed from place to place, a pilgrim boy ;

Then, sped by holy warnings back to Rome,
 He lived a stranger in his childhood's home;
 And, worthiest he the son's award to share,
 Chose the slave's part, and prized the menial's fare;
 Till, in Affliction's furnace tried and proved,
 Spurned where he trusted, slighted where he loved,
 He laid him down and died. But Truth hath said,
 "The corn of wheat first liveth when 'tis dead;"*
 So he, I ween, did pass through bitter strife,
 From living death to bright undying life.

Saint Philip's children in Saint Philip's name,
 Not your applause, but your indulgence claim;
 Fain would they proffer, in this simple Play,
 Saint Philip's truth in his own child-like way.
 Yet, might your genial smile once beam on them,
 This Tale itself might prove "a hidden gem,"
 In flowers illusive wrapt. For not alone
 The moor's drear vastness, or the desert's stone,
 O'erlays the mine which teems with embryo wealth,
 Or hides the fount whence issue streams of health;
 The ore may sleep beneath the garden's crest,
 The blue waves laugh† around the jewel's nest,
 And woods of em'rald foliage lure the eye
 To where deep springs of health embedded lie.‡

* St. John xii. 24, 25.

† ἀνέριθμον γέλασμα πόντου.—*Æschyl.*

‡ It is often remarked that mineral springs are found in the midst of romantic scenery.

And thou, dear Prince, in loving presence here,*
Our toil to lighten and our hearts to cheer ;
Wont from the care of Churches to descend,
At prayer of children, or at suit of friend,
If haply, like Saint Philip, thou may'st win
Some wayward soul from error, or from sin ;
Thou art the pole-star of our course to-night ;
If thou be near, the lowering sky grows bright ;
What frown shall scare us, if we feel *thy* love ?
What critic dare to blame, if *thou* approve ?

F. CAN. G.

* The writer feels it necessary to observe, in explanation, that His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman was present on the occasion for which this Prologue was written

THE ARGUMENT.

In the reign of the Emperor Honorius and the Pontificate of Innocent I., there lived on the Aventine, a Roman Patrician of great wealth, named Euphemianus. He had an only son, Alexius whom he educated in principles of solid piety, and in the practice of unbounded charity. When he was grown up, but still young, a Divine command ordered the son to quit his father's house, and lead the life of a poor pilgrim. He accordingly repaired to Edessa, where he lived several years, while he was sought for in vain over all the world. At length he was similarly ordered to return home; and was received as a stranger into his father's house.

He remained there as many years as he had lived abroad, amidst the scorn and ill-treatment of his own domestics, until his death: when first a voice, heard through all the churches in the city, proclaimed him a saint, and then a paper, written by himself, revealed his history.

As the years, passed by Alexius in these two

conditions, have been variously stated by different writers, in this Drama they have been limited to five spent in each, or ten in all.

The beginning and the close of the second period, of that passed at home, form the subject of this composition ; so that five years are supposed to elapse between its two acts.

Such is the domestic history, recorded in Rome, on the Aventine hill, where the beautiful church of St. Alexius yet stands, and is visited, on his feast, by crowds of his fellow-citizens. The view from its garden is one of the most charming in Rome. The Basilica of Santa Sabina is next door to it.

Since the first edition, two interesting discoveries have been made in Rome, which help to illustrate this little Drama.

The first is the discovery of the picture prefixed to this edition, as its frontispiece. It is pretty well known, that under the church of St. Clement, an earlier, and sumptuous basilica has been discovered, and in part excavated, chiefly through the diligence and activity of the Very Rev. F. Mullooly, Prior of the Irish Dominicans. Among other valuable Byzantine frescoes thus brought to light, is the one here reproduced, exhibiting the entire subject of our little play. Alexius is re-

presented as a pilgrim meeting Euphemian, and asking alms; then he is dying in his father's house; and finally Pope Innocent reads the tablet by which he is recognized. The names clearly written under the figures leave no doubt as to the identity of the history.

It may be worth while adding, that the new church, so unexpectedly discovered, is the very one at the door of which St. Gregory describes the death of Servulus to have occurred. (Act II. Sc. i. p. 55.)

The second discovery may perhaps be considered more interesting to the author than to the reader. In writing the piece, the former imagined, what the latter may have considered a rather extravagant fiction, that a slave had been locked up in a cellar, and was exceedingly indignant with whoever did it. This, however, turns out now to be no fiction, but fact.

A curious class of new monuments have been lately discovered, in Pompeii, in the Catacombs, and in other ruins. They consist of rude inscriptions *scratched* in the plaster, or *intonaco*, evidently by common people, often by slaves. F. Garucci has published a most interesting quartc volume and atlas of those in Pompeii: De Rossi has collected the beautiful specimens in the Cata-

combs and elsewhere.* They are now familiarly known by the name of *graffiti* or scratchings.

In 1855, extensive explorations were made in the garden of the great convent attached to the church of Santa Sabina, also alluded to in this drama, (Act I. Sc. i. p. 16) and occupied by the Reformed Dominicans. An account of these excavations was given, with a plan, by the writer, in a paper read at the meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, June 26, 1856, and published in Vol. V. Part III. of its transactions.

At p. 462 will be found an account of a room covered with inscriptions by slaves, some of them unintelligible. But one is clearly enough scratched by a Bibulus, who had been locked up in a cellar, and vents his wrath, as well as describes his feelings, though they led him to make a vow, in the following lines.

VOTVM FECI
 SI RECTE EXIERO
 QVI ERVNT
 INTRO VINI
 SEXTARIOS
 THEONAE
 MORBVM

* Those on the celebrated statue of Memnon are of classical celebrity.

Which may be literally translated thus :

“I have vowed, if I get out all right,” (*recte*)
Bibulus’s very phrase, (Act I. Scene II. p. 20)
“as many quarts of wine as there shall be inside.
A plague on Theonas!” For which substitute
Proculus : and you have a counterpart to the
scene. It is not at all improbable that the in-
scription found was in the very house of Euphe-
mianus.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EUPHEMIANUS, a Roman Patrician.	<i>McLaughlin</i>
ALEXIUS, under the name <i>Ignotus</i> , his son.	<i>Copthorne</i>
CARINUS, a boy, his nephew.	<i>Hickey</i>
PROCLUSUS, his Freedman and Steward.	<i>Scott</i>
EUSEBIUS, freed after Act i.	<i>Curtin</i>
BIBULUS,	<i>T. Kelly</i>
DAVUS,	} Slaves. <i>Tomey</i>
URSULUS, } Black	<i>Casey</i> <i>Daly</i> <i>Prun</i>
VERNA, }	<i>Dolan</i>
GANNIO, a Beggar.	<i>Ch. Kelly</i>
AN IMPERIAL CHAMBERLAIN.	<i>Casey</i>
AN OFFICER.	<i>Dunlop</i>
SLAVES, white and black.	
TWO ROBBERS.	

SCENE on the Aventine Hill in Rome, partly outside, partly in the court or Atrium, of Euphemian's house, in the Reign of Honorius, and the Pontificate of Innocent I.

“THE HIDDEN GEM.”

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open space on the Aventine, with houses on one side and trees on the other. At the back is the door of Euphemian's house. Under the trees is a marble bench.*

Enter Alexius, tired, wearing a cloak. Sits for a moment to rest, then rises.

Alexius. Thus far I feel, that to the very letter
I have obeyed the clear commands of heaven.
“Where first thine eyes saw light, there must
they close:
“Where first thy life began, there shall it end.”
Such were the words the voice mysterious spake.
So, longing to complete my pilgrimage,
Once more I stand, where haughty Aventine
Crushes, with craggy heel, the serpent neck
Of writhing Tiber; while, between the peaks
Of Sabine hills, the sun shoots forkéd beams,
Tanging the gems of morning on each leaf.

If Italy, or Rome, or Aventine
Was meant, my goal is reached—but oh, remains
there

One step more, o'er that threshold—[*looking
towards Euphemian's house*] there to die?
For there I first drew breath.—It cannot be,

Five years it is to-day, since I was sent,
Like him of Ur, from father's house and kindred.
What sorrow, perhaps worse, hath been endured
For me, within the compass of those walls!
Livest thou yet, sweet mother? Dost thou shake
Thy palsied head and quivering hand, in anguish,
O'er thy long-lost, but unforgotten child?
Or dost thou, from thy patiently won throne
Look down and smile, upon thy pilgrim son?—

I know my father lives; his name is written
Upon the dypticks of far distant churches,
As on men's hearts, in charity's gold letters.—
How can I stand before him? How address
him?

How if perchance he knows me?—Fathers' eyes
Are keen at spying prodigals afar
Through fluttering tatters, and begriming dust.
Prodigal! What a name! Have I been such?
True I was young, and rosy-cheeked, and rich
The night I left: but oh! 'twas not to plunge
Into the golden bath of luxury,
Or play the spendthrift. Bitter tears rolled down,

As sobs heaved panting from my breaking heart.
 His word, who, on the Galilean sea,
 Rest John from Zebedee, and changed his love,
 Alone could have sustained me in that hour.

'Twas He who said; "Leave *them* and follow
Me!"

But see—the door is opening—who comes
 forth?

'Tis he! my father! Heaven give me strength!
 [*Stands aside.*]

Enter Euphemianus, who sees Alexius.

Euph. Come! a good omen, on this mournful day,
 The saddest anniversary of my house.
 Alms and a poor man's prayer will bless its grief.
 Yet, though he looks both travel-sore and needy,
 He asks no alms: I must accost him then.

[*To Alexius.*]

Good youth, you seem to be in want and pain;
 Can I relieve you?

Alex. Gladly I receive

What maketh rich and poor each other's debtors.

Euph. [*takes out his purse but stops.*] Nay stay,
 it is not gold you so much want,

As food and rest. No place of entertainment
 is to be found near this. Within my house
 You shall partake of both.—Ho! there within!

Alex. [*staying him.*] Pray, good Sir, no :

Euph. Friend, would you rob me thus
Of my first draught of charity's sweet air,
Which breathed at morn, adds fragrance to our
prayer ?

Alex. That balmy oblation you have offered up ;
For your first words spoke charity. A crust
Softened in yonder fountain, and for bed
This marble seat, will give me food and rest.

Euph. Nay, friend, it shall not be. I have not
learnt

My gospel so, that a poor man shall lie
At my gate, wanting crumbs, sore, clad in rags
While I, in purple raiment, feast within.

Alex. But Sir, I am a palmer, used to sleep
On the bare ground,—

Euph. So much the more I wish
To have you for a few hours in my house
Since you, no doubt, have visited abroad
Shrines, sanctuaries, and venerable places :
And have stored up some holy histories
Which I should love to hear.—

Alex. Some such I know,
And later will wait on you, to relate.

Euph. No, friend, it shall be now. While I but go,
For holy rites, to Blest Sabina's church
Next to my house, do you go in, and rest.

Alex. [*aside.*] Thank heaven! he hath not discovered me.

Euph. [*goes to the house door.*] Come forth here some one!

Enter Proculus

Proc. I am at your bidding.
[*Looks suspiciously and contemptuously at Alexius.*]

Euph. Good Proculus, take in this holy pilgrim
And give him of the best.

Proc. [*coldly.*] It shall be done.
[*To Alexius.*]

Comest thou from afar?

Alex. Last night I landed
At Ostia's quay, from Syria's sacred coast,
And, in the cool of night, gained Rome and
Aventine.

Euph. Then truly you need rest: Proculus,
hasten,
And let a chamber quickly be prepared.

Proc. It is impossible! And for a stranger—
One utterly unknown! [*To Alexius.*] Was
there not plague

Where thou didst then embark?

Alex. None that I heard of.
But I'm aware I am myself a plague,
In such vile rags, unfit for dainty chambers.
Let me repose beneath these shady trees.

Proc. [*drawing Euph. aside, while Alexius retires.*]

Sir, as an old, I trust a faithful, servant,
 Let me speak freely. It is rash and dangerous
 Thus to give lodging, even for one hour,
 To such a thing as that. These are who plot
 To rob or murder ;—there may harbour in him
 Deep-lurking maladies,—nay foul contagion
 From Asia's swamps, or Afric's tainted coast.

Euph. And yet the day will come, when One shall
 say,

“ I was a stranger, and you took me in,”—
 Yes ; One who lurks in the outcast and the
 beggar
 Will speak thus to the rich.

Proc. Then not to you.
 Doomsday will find you poor. Your lavish alms
 Would eat up your estates, were they twice
 doubled.

Forgive plain speaking. Through the day and
 night

This is my anxious thought !

Euph. Nay call it godless :
 For blessed charity is not a canker,
 Which gnaws, like vice, into our paltry wealth :
 Charity is not rust, nor moth, nor robber.
 But holy alms are like the dew of heaven,
 A moisture stolen from the field by day,
 Repaid with silent usury at night.

Proc. [*peevishly.*] Then be it so. I will procure
him food.

Euph. And place of rest.

Proc. Where, Sir?

Euph. No matter where,
So that it be where charity suggests.

Proc. We have no chamber vacant, but—

Euph. Go on.

Proc. The one which this day five years was left
empty.

Euph. Rather mine own than that. None shall
lie in it,

Till poor Alexius rest him there again.

Alex. [*starting.*] Once more I pray you—

Euph. Not another word,
But follow Proculus within. I fear
I've been, through too much courtesy, uncour-
teous.

What is your name, good friend?

Alex. *Ignotus, Sir.*

I pray you, let me bear you company
To the fair temple of Sabina. There
Would I fain sanctify this day, to me
Most blessed at its dawn, now doubly blest
In my thus meeting you.

Euph. I bid you welcome.

Exeunt together.

Proc. Smooth, canting hypocrite!—but I will foil thee!

Twine round his soft old heart—thence will I pluck thee!

Come with him to his house—out I will drive thee!

No, not six hours shall this new friendship last,
The “Unknown” shall be thy *future* name, if
not thy past. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Atrium of Euphemianus's house.*

The street door at the right of the stage: the entrance to the interior of the house on the left. In the middle, at the back of the stage, a small room with closed door, under a staircase. A table in the middle covered with a cloth reaching to the ground; behind it an arm chair.

Enter Bibulus from the house side, cautiously looking round; then he turns towards the door.

Bib. It's all right, all right, come in. The coast is clear, and will be, for at least a good hour.

Enter Ursulus, and all the other slaves, white and black, first timidly, bearing various utensils of household, garden, and stable work, ladles, brushes, rakes, curry-combs, &c. They range

themselves on either side, Bibulus going behind the table. After the others, Eusebius enters quietly, holding a book, and stands in the background.

Urs. What have we been all brought together for?

Bib. You shall hear presently.

Dav. Stay a moment: for there is no *Nostrum** prepared, for you to *dress* us from. So I will make one. [*Turns the chair round and Bibulus mounts it.*] Thus I make one out of this *crural*† chair, that is to say, an *arm-chair*, you see.

Bib. Now, comrades, I am come to speak to you about our manifold wrongs. I have been shamefully treated. Of course, when I say shamefully I mean shamelessly.

Several. How so?

Bib. How so? Why I have been shut up all night in a dungeon—in a cellar—a dry cellar mind, together with empty barrels, carcasses from which the spirits had long departed; and I have been bitten all night by mosquitoes. And all for nothing!

All. Shame! shame!

Bib. Will you stand this? Will you allow your rights to be thus trampled on?

* *Restrum.*

† *Curule.*

Dav. Rights? Why you said you came to speechify to us about our wrongs; and now you talk about our rights. Which is it?

Bib. Booby! Do you not know that the more wrongs a man has, the more rights he has? He must have all his wrongs set to rights.

Verna. To be sure, Bibulus makes it quite plain. All wrongs are all rights. Aren't they?

Bib. Exactly.

Dav. And therefore *wiser worser*, all right is all wrong.

Bib. That's it. That's your modern *political conomy*.

Verna. So right or wrong, it's all one. Hurrah!

All. Hurrah! hurrah!

Bib. So it was right you see,—no it was wrong—let me see, well it was either right or wrong, as the case may be, to keep me in prison all night; and so your rights were wronged in me.

Urs. But you haven't told us what it was for.

Dav. Aye, tell us *our* rights that *you* were wronged for.

All. Yes, yes! what was it for?

Bib. Why for a paltry flask or two of wine, which I drank to master's health.

Ver. Then if I understand the matter, we were wronged in not having our share of it. That

was *our* right; and it was *you* who wronged us!

Down with him!

All. Aye, down with him!

[*They rush towards him.*]

Euseb. [*laughing, steps forward to check them.*]

Come, friends, enough of this folly. The long and short of the matter is, that he walked into his master's *hock*, and so the master walked him into his *quod*. That's a perfect concord, agreeing in gender, number and case; and therefore if one agreed with *him* the other did too.

Bib. I think it's the wrong case altogether; for certainly *hock* agrees with me, and *quod* doesn't! But let us have common sense, and none of this cram!

Dav. Yes, yes, Bibulus is right—common sense, now! Let us by all means have common sense.

Euseb. Very well. Let me ask, is not the wine the master's property?

Several. Of course it is.

Euseb. He has a right to keep it in an amphora in his cellar.

Bib. Aye, till we can get at it.

Euseb. Hold your tongue till I have done. And if it be poured, as is usual, into a sheep-skin may he not still lock it up in his inner cellar?

Sev. Certainly, what then?

Euseb. Or if into an ass's skin, does that make any difference?

Sev. Of course not.

Euseb. Then that is just the case.

All. How?

Euseb. Pray, what is the difference between its getting into Bibulus's skin, and into any *other* donkey's skin? Had not the master an equal right to lock it up in his cellar? And that's just what he did.

All. Bravo, bravo! Bibulus is an ass.

Bib. [*furious.*] I'll pay you out for this, one day, Eusebius. Listen, my friends. All this comes of bad logic, as one may say: of putting the premisses before the consequence. I'll teach you right logic. Pray what was wine made for?

Urs. To be drunk, of course.

Bib. Well then, let that wiseacre tell you how wine is *to be* drunk without *being* drunk.

Ver. Very good.

Bib. Then you see, in being drunk, I only did what wine was made for: *ergo*, I did quite right.

Dav. And therefore quite wrong.

Bib. But the fact is, the wine is as much mine as Euphemian's. Who gave *him* the soil? Who gave *him* the vines? Nature made them both, and nature gives them as much to me as to him. Before nature we are all equal.

All. To be sure we are!

Bib. Then why is not the wine mine as much as Euphemian's?

Euseb. Because you did not make it.

Bib. Neither did he.

All. True, quite true!

Bib. One man has no right to the produce of many others' labour! If we are all equal it is clear that all things should be in common! Down with artificial distinctions, say I. Why should one man wear broad-cloth, and another long-cloth? One drink Falernian, and another Sabine? Tell me that!

Euseb. Come, Bibulus, you are getting venomous. Let us be equal. Why should you stand on a chair, and we on the ground? You have all the talk and we only listen?

Sev. Go on! go on!

Verna. [*shaking a rake.*] I like this wholesale way of levelling; it beats rake husbandry hollow. But how could we make a right division? Lay all out in flower-beds, as one may say.

Bib. Oh, very easily. You should have the garden: Eusebius might take the library, and welcome.

Euseb. Thank you, and how live?

Bib. Why, haven't I heard you say that you *devour* new publications, *relish* a good poem, and would

like to *digest* a code of laws? Haven't you often declared, that in a certain book there was want of *taste*, that another was a *hotch-potch*—that one writer was *peppery*, and another *spicy*, a third *insipid*, or that, poor wretch! he had been terribly *cut up*, or made *mince-meat* of, and completely *dished* by those cannibals called critics?

Dav. Bravo, Bibulus; you have settled *his* hash, at any rate. Now for the rest.

Bib. Well, then, Strigil might have the stables and horses, Fumatus the kitchen, and I—the cellar.

Sev. No, no; that must be common property.

Urs. This is all very fine: but how are we to get at our own? Would Euphemian do it kind, and give up?

Bib. [*hesitating and deliberating.*] Well, on that point, I do not clearly see my way. Belling the cat, eh? I can't see, unless we set the house on fire—

Urs. Nay, that would be destroying all our property.

Bib. [*aside.*] Except the cellar. [*Aloud.*] Still that would be a noble way of asserting our rights.

Dav. To be sure it would, and it would be great fun!

Euseb. Come, Bibulus, enough of this fooling.

You are now becoming mischievous, and treacherous too. My friends and comrades, you cannot be so mad as to dream of such wickedness and absurdity.

Urs. [*doggedly.*] Well, then, at least let us have the satisfaction of setting some one else's house on fire. It will be some compensation for being trampled under foot at home.

Sev. Whose shall it be?

Bib. I like the idea, as a sort of distraction, you know, from our own grievances. Let me see. Oh! yes! there are plenty of neighbours not far off. Their people seem tolerably comfortable, and their houses are in good order. But there are some in them that would like to see a good flare up; and why have not we a right to give it them?

Euseb. Why so?

Bib. Why so? Why for fifty reasons. First, they don't eat beef as we do. They *ought* to eat beef.

Ver. So they ought. That's a capital reason; what else?

Bib. Then they are not like us. Not one of them dare talk openly of setting his master's house on fire, as I do. *We* are free.

Euseb. And easy.

Dav. Aye, free and easy. That's the age, Sir.

We don't care for *Harry's toggery*, we are all for *demonocracy*. Aren't we?

All. To be sure we are.

Bib. We don't mind masters or stewards.—Do we?

All. Not we.

Bib. We'll pitch them all out of the window.—Won't we?

All. That we will.

Bib. Beginning with Proc— Hallo! There he comes. [*Leaps down and dives under the table.*]

Enter Proculus. All look sheepish.

Proc. Well gentlemen, what is the meaning of this strange meeting in the hall? How come you to be all here, instead of minding your work? Come, speak, some of you. I heard noise enough just now.

Dav. Why, Sir, do you see, as this is the sorrowful hanniversary of the family, we thought it shootable to hold a sort of conwiwial meeting, just to poke up its affliction. So we have been talking over our wrongs.

Proc. Your wrongs?

Ver. That is our *rights*, you know, Sir.

Proc. Better still. This must be some of *Bibu-*

lus's work. I am sure I heard his voice—where is he?

Dav. He has absquatulated, Sir: but I think he can hardly have got a mile off yet.

Proc. He shall be caught in due time, and shall get his deserts. [*Bibulus peeps from under the table, and shakes his fist at Proculus, who does not see him. All laugh.*] What are you all laughing at? He will find it no laughing matter, I can tell you. However, as you are here, I may as well give you a piece of news.

All. What is it?

Proc. Why, that your master has just now taken a fancy to a beggar.

All. A beggar?

Proc. Aye, a beggar, a man calling himself a pilgrim, whom he wishes to bring into the house, to sleep here, and to eat and drink of the best. So he commands. And consequently to be *dutifully* waited on by you.

Urs. That's a downright shame!

Dav. We won't stand it! It's quite beneath us.

Ver. We won't sit down under it. We're quite above it.

Proc. [*ironically.*] Oh, but no doubt you will do all in your power to make him comfortable.

Dav. Oh, to be sure!

Proc. When he is asleep, you will take care to make no noise near, to disturb him.

Ver. Of course we will!

Proc. And if your master sends dainties to him, you will not intercept them, but will see that he is well fed, and gets sleek and fat.

Urs. Won't we!

Proc. He will have an easy life of it,—won't he now?

All. Trust us for that! A beggar, indeed!

Proc. Well, you seem pretty unanimous in that, I think.

Dav. Quite magnanimous, as you say, Sir. But where will he lodge, that we may know how to keep quiet?

Proc. [*pointing to the cell.*] There, under the stairs

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Dav. He will hardly have a glimpse of light.

Ver. Or a mouthful of air.

Urs. Or room to turn round.

Proc. So he will turn out all the quicker.

Euseb. [*aside.*] Why, he is as bad as Bibulus!

[*To Proc.*] Sir, does our master intend his new friend to be so treated?

Proc. Hold your tongue, slave. You are always prating when you are not wanted. My men, you are all agreed?

All. All.

Proc. How he is to sleep ?

All. Yes, Sir.

Proc. And to eat ?

All. Yes, Sir.

Proc. And to be got out ?

All. Yes, Sir.

CHORUS OF SLAVES.

1.

There shall be no rest for his aching bones,
 None to his weary head :
 For his bed shall be like the torrent's stones,
 His pillow be as lead.

2.

To him shall his food no nourishment yield,
 Refreshment none his cup :
 He shall eat the refuse of garth and field,
 The fetid pool shall sup. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.—*The same*

Enter Bibulus, from under the table.

Bib. Well ! I do think that I am all the better for a little sobering under the table. Really, if I had not given way from a boy to this rascally propensity of mine, I might have been the most

popular leader in the empire! See how, but for that stupid Eusebius, who always spoils everything good, I should have induced those fools of comrades to set the house on fire, and I should have obtained my revenge, and escaped in the confusion. Many a fellow has reached the Roman purple from a less promising beginning.

But as this has failed, let me set earnestly about some other plan. Again and again, I have been vilely used, down to last night. Aye, last night! That was the last drop! That can never be blotted out except by one means.—Yes, in the intense solitude of that foul dungeon,—in the Tartarus of that broiling furnace—in the murkiness of that endless night—still more, in the bitterness of an envenomed soul—in the recklessness of despair—yea, through gnashing teeth and parched throat—I, Bibulus, vowed revenge—fatal revenge. My manacles and gyves rung like cymbals, as my limbs quivered while I uttered the burning words; and a hollow moan, or laugh—I know not which—reechoed them through the vault.

And when did an Asiatic heart retract such a vow? When did it forego the sweet, delicious thought—the only luxury of a slave—revenge?

Euphemianus, thou shalt not be long my

master. Yet Euphemianus is a good master—a kind and gentle—Is it so? Then why does he allow me to be lashed every day like a hound—chained up like a ban-dog?

But it is Proculus that doth all this to thee, Bibulus.—And who is Proculus, and what is Proculus? Only the other's arm—his hand—his limb. I strike not at these—I aim straight at the brain—the heart—the soul. I do not maim or cripple—I slay, I kill.

Then, if Proculus die, what better am I? There are fifty worse than he, and ready to take his place.—Here, for example, comes one of them—

Enter Eusebius.

Euseb. Well found, Bibulus, here is something for you. [*Gives him a paper.*]

Bib. What is this? You know I am no scholar. [*Trying to read it.*]

Euseb. Why, in two words, it is an order from Proculus, who has learnt your late proceedings, telling you that you are degraded from the condition of a house servant to that of a country slave, and commanding you to proceed this very afternoon to Ardea, there to begin your labours.

Bib. [*starting.*] To Ardea! In the very heat of

summer! To the most pestilential spot in the Roman territory, where the most sturdy perish in a year, unless born there! Thither am I to go—degraded, too!—to die perhaps in a month, like a frog on a mud-bank, when the sun has dried up its brackish pool! Has Proculus thought of this?

Euseb. Most certainly; for not only does he know it, but he observed expressly, that this was a more lenient punishment, than being scourged to death, as you had deserved. You would soon die out, he said, and we should be well rid of a pestilent fellow.

Bib. Better be scourged to death with scorpions, than sucked to death by poisonous insects, or by a wasting miasma. Does Euphemian know of it?

Euseb. Not yet, but no doubt he will confirm the award. Farewell, Bibulus; bear with courage what you have heartily deserved. [*Exit.*]

Bib. Farewell, sycophant! farewell, indeed? No, not yet.—There shall be moaning over death in this house, before I go to encounter it. After this cruel doom, who will blame me, if I seek to escape it?—Yet here again comes the question—who is doing this? Proculus. Then ought not my vengeance to fall on *him*? Warily, calmly—let us weigh this.

If Proculus dies—Eusebius would be worse. Now, if Euphemian dies, it is very different. We know that by his will he has released all his slaves. So let *him* die, and I am free.

But is this generous? or honourable? Tut, tut; who has ever been generous, or honourable, with me? And am I to begin the virtues first? Out upon it—no!

Yet the thing must be done cautiously, securely. It is an ugly thing, is killing, even in revenge. One must throw a veil over it—make it appear like an accident, even to one's self. Ha! happy combination—I know how at once to procure the necessary means, and then—the pilgrim who is going to sleep *there* [*pointing to the cell.*—Capital! What more likely?—He *has* some design, no doubt—and he will be the only person near. A train can be easily laid to bring it home to him.—Bravo, Bibulus, thou art a clever hand at mischief.—By one blow thou shalt gain liberty, security, and—revenge! Eh?

Revenge on foes is sweet: 'tis sweeter still,
When yours is all the gain, theirs all the ill.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Aventine.*

Enter Gannio, in rags, with a wallet, affecting to be lame.

Gan. Well, that was a wise old poet, Ennius, I think, they call him, who wrote those verses,

“Of all the trades in Italy, the beggar’s is the best,

Because, if he is tired he can sit him down and rest.”

So as I drive a thriving trade by begging, I will use my privilege. [*Sits down, wiping his forehead.*] I have walked twenty miles to get here, for this blessed day, the *doleful* day of the house, so called, I presume, from the liberal alms always doled out on it.

Enter Bibulus, unobserved.

I am well repaid, however, for my diligence and speed, for I am first and earliest in the field. It is clear that none of the fraternity have slipped in between me and the best pickings.

Bib. [*coming forward.*] You are wrong, there, old fellow.

Gan. Good morning, Bib; what do you mean?

Bib. Why, that a more knowing one than you has

stepped in before you, and regularly done you: a young beggar, which you are not—a handsome beggar, which you never were—and a virtuous beggar, which you never will be. He was here when the master first left the house, wormed himself into his favour in no time, and is invited to eat, drink, and sleep in the house—actually in the house. Orders are that he must have the best of everything. So you are cut out, at any rate!

Gan. [*enraged.*] The villain! all my precedence taken from me; my very birth-right. Every praise you have uttered of him is a sting, a dagger to me. Where is he?

Bib. There he comes, with the master. [*Stands aside while Eupheman and Alexius pass them, conversing, and go into the house.*]

Gan. Aye, there he goes! a sleek, smooth, treacherous rival!

Bib. Rival! Why, don't you see how completely he is at home with the master?

Gan. That I do.

Bib. You are fairly supplanted *there*, at least.

Gan. I see it. How I should like to [*makes a gesture of stabbing.*]

Bib. Hush! we all dislike him as much as you.

Gan. I am glad to hear that. But how can it be managed?

Bib. Gannio, you sell—you know what, eh?

Gan. Powders to kill rats? [*Bibulus nods.*] Oh, yes, I always have them ready.

Bib. Are they sure in their action, and safe?

Gan. Quite.

Bib. How are they administered?

Gan. You put a pinch of the stuff into a goblet—I mean where the rats drink; and any one,—that is, any rat—that tastes, dies, without remedy, in an instant. No tales to tell—that is, there is hardly time to squeak, you understand; I speak of rats, you know.

Bib. Of course. We should be glad to get rid of—

Gan. A rat, mind you. Recollect, I said so, expressly. I have nothing to do with anything else. [*Draws a box out of his wallet.*] What will you take it in?

Bib. [*after feeling in his pocket, takes out the paper given him by Eusebius.*] Here, this will do. Is this enough?

Gan. [*putting some powder into the paper.*] Enough for one hundred and fifty of them.

Bib. And I suppose for *one* beggar.

Gan. I know nothing about *that*. But I hope I shall never hear of *him* again. [*Exit.*]

Bib. You old dotard! Do you think I am going to risk my throat to get rid of *your* enemies? I have a loftier aim. The fate of Rome's noblest

patrician is folded in this little paper. But I
have no time to lose. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The Atrium. A table rather on one side, so as to leave the door under the stairs free.*

Enter Euphemianus and Alexius conversing.

Euph. Have you, perchance, Ignotus, ever met,
Or in your travels heard of, a fair youth,
By name Alexius?

Alex. No uncommon one—
Hath he no token whereby to distinguish him?

Euph. None, except that of a sad history.
He was the son of an illustrious house,
Daintily bred, and heir of boundless wealth:
Yet, as an angel gentle, sweet and pure.
By all beloved—by one too highly prized,
So heaven took him from him.

Alex. Did he die, then?

Euph. Alas! far worse than that: he fled from
home,
Leaving his parents desolate and crushed.
His mother melted soon away in tears,
And murmured, as she patient died, his name.

[Weeps.]

This day completes his father's five years' woe.

[*Looking hard at Alexius.*] Methinks he must
be now about your age.

Perhaps a little taller—no, the same [*Alex. tries
to turn away. Euph. holds him and looks
in his face.*]

Your eyes remind me, too, so much of his,
So blue and mild, like doves',—but he was fair,
As Phrygian marble, veined with purple blood.—
Yet travel may have browned his cheek like yours.
His graceful mouth—yours is, no doubt, such
too,

But that your beard conceals it—had a trick
So sweet, so winning, that by it alone
[could discern him from ten thousand.—Ah!
You weep, good pilgrim, too : thanks for those
tears !

Oh tell me, then, did you e'er hear of him ?

Alex. [*confused.*] Ah ! yes, dear father ! I had
almost said,

You look so kind—Yes, venerable Sir—

I do remember somewhat—let me see—

Euph. Speak ! say, for heaven's sake, what you
remember.

Alex. [*sadly.*] It is not much, I fear.

Euph. Still let me hear it.

Alex. I recollect how to Edessa came,

Some four or five years past, well-furnished ser-
vants

Of a great Roman lord, in quest of him ;
For I, with many, did receive their alms.

Euph. [*sighing.*] And is this all ? Alas ! they found
him not,

And soon returned to whet his parents' grief.

Yet do I hope against all hope. His place

Is daily kept unfilled at every meal,

His chamber, swept and garnished, nightly waits
him,

Whom day or night, a love unchanged will greet.

Alex. True, faithful love is this ! Yes, good Euphe-
mian,

Hope still, and hope : your boy will yet return.

Euph. Ah ! think you so ! Or say it but to flatter
A father's longing ?

Alex. 'Twould but ill become me
Thus to requite your love.

Euph. My love ? What love ?

Alex. That hospitable love, which oft before

Hath harboured angels, why not then a son ?

Euph. Thank you, Ignotus, may your words prove
true.

I fain would learn from you your parents' names,
Where you were born, where you have spent
your youth.

Alex. [*aside.*] Heaven protect me !

Euph. Well, another time,
For now, 'tis indiscretion on my part

To keep you from your needed rest—Here comes
Who shall conduct you to it. Heaven guard
you. [Exit.

Alex. And be it blest, this trial now is over,
All else seems light.

Enter Proculus, who sets down refreshment.

Proc. Sir palmer, I fear you must be weary. Your
chamber is prepared, though it is not such as I
could have wished.

Alex. Any hole or corner is good enough for me.

Proc. Well, I knew you would say so, wherefore I
took you beforehand at your word. You see,
though the house is large, its inmates are many.

Alex. No doubt, plead no more, I pray.

Proc. One suite of apartments is never allowed to
be occupied; then friends often drop unex-
pectedly upon us, with large retinues—great
people, rich people, you understand? *respect-*
able people.

Alex. I beg you to spare all excuses. Anywhere
will do.

Proc. As I suppose you will only want a few hours'
rest, and then will resume your pilgrimage, a
small chamber, and not very luxurious couch,
will suffice.

Alex. Any place, good Sir.

Proc. [*showing him the cell.*] Then would it please you to rest here ?

Alex. [*smiling.*] Most certainly—it is quite a palace for me.

Proc. There is some refection for you : and may your slumbers be refreshing. [*Exit.*]

Alex. Is this to be the sealing sleep of life,
 Gluing my eyelids in unwaking rest ?
 Shall my heart, ere 'tis over, cease to beat,
 And shall my soul awake to heaven this day ?
 It would appear so ; for I now have reached
 My place of birth, to hold it some few hours.
 Here, then, must sound my last—I am prepared.
 My lot is now in better hands than mine.

“Live we, or die we, we are still the Lord’s.”—
 One prayer may serve for slumber or for death.

Our life is Thine, Creator of all flesh,
 Living or dying, wakeful or asleep.
 The Hand which plays among the chords of life,
 Pressing them gently, their vibration stills
 To silence, till It wake them once again.
 That Hand I kiss this day ; for It hath strained
 The strings of love and pain to utmost tension,
 And now will soothe them with its kindly touch,
 To murmur peace, on Its paternal palm. [*Kneels.*]

Father ! who here this thing of clay didst
 fashion
 Into Thine Image’s terrestrial frame,

Its dust together hold, or free disperse,
 Where rest my fathers, or are outcasts flung;
 Make it the earthworm's, or the vulture's feast
 So that from its corruption flash my soul,
 Into the furnace of Thy purest fire:
 Or rather, like a pearl, be gently dropped
 Into the abyss of Thy great ocean bosom,
 To seek in vain for surface depth, or margin:
 Absorbed, yet unconsumed; entranced, yet free.
[Exit into his cell, closing the door.]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter Bibulus, bearing a salver, with a goblet and food, which he lays on the table. In his right hand he holds an ewer, or flagon.

Bib. In a few minutes, Euphemianus will come for his daily morning refection, and will find it in its usual place. He will drink it, taste it more savoury, and higher spiced than usual—and will expire! What an easy and comfortable death!

[Striking his breast.] Down, ye growling curs of remorse! Hush! hissing worm of conscience! You are too late—the potion is mixed, and the fatal drug cannot be extracted. And then, remember Ardea—this afternoon—with

its death of a mad hound foaming at the mouth, or a viper shrivelled up on a scorching bank. No; no more qualms. What I am going to do is a safe remedy of all my ills—the easiest way of gaining all my ends. And that sums up all the morality I have learnt, in these days of canting virtue!

Now let us look to our pilgrim. [*Takes out a paper and looks into the door.*] Fast asleep; sleeps like a dead man! [*Goes in and returns.*] I never saw any one so soundly asleep. The paper is quite safe by his bed-side. [*Pours out into the goblet.*] I can say the drink was here some time; and I cannot be further responsible.—But, here comes the master—O heavens! I wish it were well over! I will stand by, and be the first to give the alarm! [*Retires.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter Euphemian from the street door.

Euph. I own I like my guest. His words are sweet
His looks call up some image I have loved.
Then his affection seemeth almost filial,
Tender and melting at a father's woe.

I feel athirst ! [Takes the cup, and is putting it to his lips, when a solemn voice proceeds from the cell, the door of which has been left ajar.]

Alex.

EUPHEMIAN, BEWARE !

Euph. [starting and putting down the cup.] Was that some play of fancy mocking me ?

[Looking about.] No one is nigh, 'twas plainly imagination.

I have felt tempted e'en to press my guest,
As they of Emmaus their's, to rest with me—
Perhaps declare him my adopted son !—

My lips are parched ! [Again raises the cup, and the same voice is heard.]

Alex.

BEWARE EUPHEMIAN !

Euph. [puts down the cup.] Beware of what ? Not of this harmless draught ?

Oh no ; I know that voice !—'Tis dear Alexius,
Far off in body—ah ! perhaps in heaven—
Who thus reproaches me, for my unfaithfulness,
In putting of this pilgrim in his place.

[Passionately.]

It shall not be, dear son ! But oh ! why speak,
And not be seen ? Yet still, if thou canst hear,
My child, this cup of grace I quaff to thee !

[Waving the cup over his head. As he is just going to drink, Alexius rushes out, and dashes it from his hand.]

Alex. Hold! It is deadly poison.

Euph. [loud.]

Ho! in here!

Enter Proculus and slaves. Alex. snatches the ewer from Bibulus, and puts it on the table. Alex. in the middle, Euph. on his right, Proc. and Bib. on his left: the rest on either side, forward.

Proc. What is the matter? What has happened, Sir?

Euph. Foul treachery and murder have been here. My cup was poisoned.

Proc. Who hath told you so?

Alex. I.

Proc. How do you know?

Dav. Every drop is spilt.

Proc. Bibulus, you prepared it; speak! or sirrah! Your life must answer.

Bib. Sir, the cup was pure As heaven's dew, when here I left it. What May, in my absence, have befallen, I know not. They who have tampered with it best can tell.

Proc. Whom do you mean? Speak plain, man, out at once.

Bib. Him who discovered it—how knew he of it? Poison there is, but in his tongue who sought

Your heart to envenom. Put him to his proof
Proc. Sir, Bibulus is right for once.

Euph. There seems
 Some lack of proof indeed.

Alex. Then here receive it.

[*Draws out a paper.*]

This paper in my room I found—nay, saw it
 Hastily dropped there, as I feigned deep slumber.
 Know you it, Proculus?

Proc. O gracious heaven!

It is the order but some hour ago
 Despatched by me to Bibulus.

Euseb. [*looking at it.*] By me
 Delivered to him.

Euph. What does it contain?

Urs. 'Tis ratsbane, I can see.

Bib. [*aside.*] Fool that I was!

[*Aloud.*]

Assassins may be thieves.

Alex. Then come to proof.

This ewer, Bibulus, was in your hand,
 When here you entered; was it not?

All. We saw it.

Alex. [*takes the empty cup left by Proc. and pours
 into it.*] No one with *this* has tampered;
 drink it then,

Before thy master's eye. [*Offers it to him.*]

Proc. Yes, drink it off.

Bib. Before his feet to die! Good master spare me! [*Kneeling.*]

Euph. Oh, heavens! Thanks for such a mercy.

Proc. Sir,

Let punishment condign requite this crime;
Seize him, and bind him fast, for death.

All. Aye, aye, Sir.

[*They rush on him.*]

Alex. [*interposing himself.*] Sir, in exchange for your life saved, I ask,

Give him to me, or rather to your son,
On this his mournful day.

Euph. I can't refuse.

Alex. And now for my reward—

Euph. Ask what you please.

Alex. Your purse!

Euph. What! paltry gold?

Alex. Yes, yes, indeed,

I never felt so covetous as now.

[*Euph. astonished, gives him his purse.*]

[*To Bibulus.*] Take this and flee. At Ostia's quay
yet lies

A vessel bound to Palestine; there seek
Pardon 'midst scenes of all-forgiving love.

[*Exit Bibulus.*]

Euph. As yet, Ignotus, all my debt remains
Uncanceled, and must be so. For with life
I owe to you, whatever gives life worth.

This house, my fortune—all belongs to you.

Be this my first request—we part no more.

We share this roof, through what of life remains.

Where are you lodged?

Proc. An't please you, Sir, by reason of some repairs, and, and—

Euph. And what, pray?

Alex. I am perfectly satisfied with my quarters, Sir.

Proc. Exactly, Sir, the gentleman being anxious for quiet and devout retirement,—being a pilgrim, you see, Sir,—

Euph. Come, come, tell me at once—where have you harboured him?

Proc. [*confused, and pointing back.*] Why, there, Sir.

Euph. There? In that dog's hole hast thou kennelled him?

Is that the pilgrim's welcome in my house?

Shame on thee, Proculus!

Alex. Peace, good Euphemian.

If I had not lodged *there*, thou wouldst have died!

All. Very true.

Alex. Now this chamber hath been blest

To you and me: I claim it therefore from you.

There will I live, and, if heaven pleases, die.

Euph. Ignotus, I must yield to you. But say,
How did you learn my danger? Whose voice
heard I?

Alex. That voice was mine.

Euph. [*aside.*] It sounded like my child's.

Alex. While in sound sleep, methought there stood
beside me

A being fair, but radiant as the morn.

His purple wings were tremulous with gold,
Like cedars in the breeze at set of sun.

He struck my side and woke me. Then I heard
That slave's foul treachery. He entering in
With black design, believed me fast asleep,
And dropped his poisonous bait. I started up,
And, through the door neglectfully unclosed,
Saw all the rest.

Euph. A blessing came with you
Into my house.—But say who was that spirit?
He entered too with you.—

Alex. I know him well.

He is the pilgrim's angel, he who wards
The hospitable threshold.—Mark my words.

Four angels guard our gracious works of love,
Guide them below, and chronicle above.

The fainting, feeds from silver bowls the first,
With golden cup, the second slakes their thirst.
The third the naked clothes with broidered pall;—

But HOSPITALITY unites them all,—
To clothe, feed, quicken, when his jewelled key
Opens, for harbour, home or hostelry.

Him these three spirits tend,—him glad surround,
Who brighter works of mercy leaves to them ;
While he, with seraph-gaze bent on the ground,
Finds in the dust, and saves some "hidden
gem." [*Exeunt.*

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

There is an interval of five years between the first and second acts.

SCENE I.—*The Atrium. Enter Euphemian, Carinus, with Eusebius, in cloaks and petasi, or large hats. Eusebius takes off their travelling attire, and goes out. Car. has the bulla round his neck.*

(A couch, raised only at one end, in the apartment.)

Euph. Well, dear Carinus, are you tired?

Car.

No, father;

(Since I must call you so, by your command,)

This morning's journey has been charming.

What

Could be more lovely than the Tiber's banks,
Fringed with those marble villas, cool i'th' shade
Of lazy pines, and scarcely-nodding cypresses?
All was so still; except the gilded prows
That shot along the water, bright yet soft,
As swarms of summer fire-flies.

Euph. Welcome, then,
To your own goodly home.

Car. [*looking round him.*] A goodly home
It is, indeed, and fair! And yet not mine.

Euph. Right: for to-morrow is the day appointed
For your adoption. Then, indeed, more truly
All that you see will yours become; and more.

Car. How can that be, your heir being still alive?

Euph. Alas! all hope is now extinct!

Car. How so?

Euph. I have in vain the whole world travelled
through,

Made proclamations, offered high rewards,
And more than all, have trusted to the instincts
Of filial love, wherever it might be,
To claim its dues.

Car. If heaven had stronger claims
All this was vain.

Euph. Only three days and nights
Did Mary's Son allow the quest for Him,
By His dear parents—full ten years has mine.

Car. O Father! those three days were *twenty* years
To Mary's heart!

Euph. [*aside.*] What wisdom hath this child!
[*Aloud.*] My hopes are wearied out. Therefore
to-morrow,
The anniversary of our long mourning,

Shall mark our change to joy. Honorius comes
 To honour my poor banquet. At its close,
 Amidst the clang of trumpets and of cymbals,
 The Emperor himself will name you heir
 Of all your uncle's wealth.

Car. And if Alexius,
 Before the echo of those sounds be quelled,
 Appear amongst us ?

Euph. No. It cannot be.
 Conjure not up such fancies. For five years
 I have been buoyed up by the hopeful speech
 Of a young holy pilgrim who yet dwells
 Within these walls. Ten years is long to hope !

Car. But tell me, father, was Alexius all
 That I have heard described ? Gentle and sweet
 Obedient, pure, to the distressed most kind,
 To saints devout, burning with higher love ?

Euph. All this, and tenfold more, if ten times told

Car. Then let me be the sharer of his virtues,
 Never usurper of his heritage.

Alexius lives, and will claim back his own.

Euph. How say you, child ?

Car. You have described a saint,
 Such as dies not, but all the Church shall know it.
 Remember how, when Servulus, the mendicant,
 Died in the court of holy Clement's church,
 Our earthly psalmody was hushed to hear

The angels chaunt his passing hymn outside.*

Euph. Oh! may it be so! Then will he not care
For worldly wealth or honour!

Enter Eusebius.

Euseb. Pardon, Sir!

The household are without, anxious to pay
Homage to you and to their future lord.

Euph. Let them come in!

*Enter Davus, Verna, and other slaves, and range
themselves on either side.*

Euseb. Your servants, Sir, desire
To welcome you again, after long absence,
And pray you many years of home and joy.
Dispel the cloud which hath so long o'erveiled
The sun-light of the house. Try to forget
By learning how to hope! May this young bloom
[*pointing to Car.*]

Upon the household tree gracefully mantle
The winter's past decay.

Car. No, good Eusebius,
Say autumn's ripened fruit. I'm but a boy,
And cannot take the place of manly virtue.
My friends, I thank you for your kindly wishes,
And as you love me, grant me but this favour;—

* St. Gregory's Dialogues, B. iv c. 14.

I wish not to be courted, flattered, fed
 With honeyed speeches. Let me hear the truth
 From all, at all times, though that truth be
 blame.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Euph. Thanks, my good friends; such proofs of
 kindly feeling

Bind up a household in strong mutual love.

Haste now once more, each to prepare his part

For the glad morrow; when our Emperor

Will grace our board, and our new heir proclaim.

To-morrow's sun shall bleach our mourning
 palls,

And kindle joy in these ancestral halls.

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

[Enter Alexius, solus, faint, and weak—sits down.]

Alex. How long? O heavens! how long shall I
 drag on

This lingering life? Five years are on the eve
 Of their completion, since I entered here.

Smoothly hath time flowed on, yet quickening
 ever

Its rapid course; and now methinks I am
 Like one who nears a cataract. His skiff

Glides through a noiseless, foamless, liquid furrow,

Which curves at last over the craggy ledge.

So sweetly calm I feel, so lulled to rest,

Though still upon the surging wave. My heart

Pants awfully indeed, yet does not fret.

Gladly before I die, my future heir

I fain would see. But once, while yet an infant,

I stole a glance at him. How years rush by!

Childhood's best prophecies were written fair

On brow and lip, illumined by the eye;

If that first page lied not, the book is rare.

Enter Eusebius, bearing a dish.

Euseb. Good day, Ignotus, I have longed to see you,

Since our return. My noble lord, Euphemian,

Now gives me cause. Accept from him this food,

Prepared for his own table. But, good heavens!

How sadly altered you appear! Art ill?

Alex. I am but passing well.

Euseb. I fear, Ignotus,

That in our absence you have suffered much

From the unruly, ill-bred slaves.

Alex. Oh! no;

For it would ill become me to complain,

Who was sent here to practice deeper patience

Than ever hermit in his desert grot.

Its end is near !

Euseb. What mean you, friend Ignotus ?

Alex. You soon will know. But tell me of this boy.

Euseb. Carinus ?

Alex. Yes. Is he a worthy heir

To good Euphemian ?

Euseb. I would almost say

To best Alexius. But yourself shall know him.

For much he longs to hold some converse with
you,

Bred up himself in Asia.

Alex. Haste to bring him.

Euseb. [*going.*] I go to seek.

Alex. [*taking up the dish.*] While I these dainties
bear

To Gannio at the door ; he loves them dearly.

As he is speaking, enter Ursulus, meeting him. Euseb. stops suddenly at the door on the other side, and looks from a distance unseen.

Urs. Hallo sirrah ! whither so fast with that nice
dish ? Give it up instantly !

Alex. Willingly, pray accept it from me !

Urs. Accept indeed, what belongs to me ! What
right have you, a beggarly intruder, to intercept
what, of right, belongs to the household ? I

will not accept, I take it. [*Snatches away the dish, and pushes Alex. rudely, who staggers backwards on the couch, and rises again faint, standing in the middle. Just at this moment Carinus enters, opposite to Eusebius, and starts at seeing this act, but retires to the back of the stage, and remains unseen behind a pillar.*]

Euseb. [*rushing forward and seizing the dish from Urs.*]

Avaunt, foul harpy! ravenous, impure!

Defiling what thou touchest!

[*He pushes him across the stage, so that he staggers against Proculus entering. Then puts down the plate.*]

Proc. How now? slave.

Urs. Eusebius, Sir, pushed me against you, after snatching a dish from me, which I was bearing from Ignotus to Gannio.

Euseb. He lies, Sir, foully.

Proc. Peace, thou forward slave!

Euseb. No more than thou a slave.

Proc. Ha! dar'st thou, sirrah!

Euseb. Sirrah me, sir, no more! I'm free as thou.

Proc. We'll see just now. Come Ursulus, say on.

Urs. I say then that it's all along of that interlope Ignotus. Since he came into the house there has been no peace. We have had nothing but quarrels on his account. And Eusebius has

always taken his part, in spite of what you bid us, five blessed years ago.

Proc. You say true. Like a needle or an arrow-point imbedded in the flesh, is a stranger that thrusts himself into a house. Wherever it moveth it causeth irritation and pain.

Euseb. And pray did *he* intrude himself, or did the master of the house invite, nay press him?

Proc. What care I? so he's here against *my* will?

Alex. Nay, but I knew not that it was so, Proculus.

Proc. You must have been most stupid, then.

Alex. How so?

Proc. Could you not see, before you had been here
A single hour, how I had vowed a vow,
That not five more you should remain?

Euseb. That vow

Proved false as he who made it.

Proc. Silence, slave!

Alex. Had you but told it, never would Ignotus
Have stood between it and fulfilment.

Proc. Then

Here I renew it: shall it be fulfilled?

Alex. Surely; to-morrow I go hence.

Euseb. No; never!

Proc. I take you at your word, Ignotus. Go!

Urs. Aye to the gallows, if you like, false palmer!

Proc. To-morrow, by this hour—

Urs. Make yourself scarce.

Alex. It shall be so.

Euseb. I say it shan't.

Proc. Why not?

Euseb. 'Twill be a day of joy.

Proc. Doubly, without him.

Euseb. 'Twill bring a curse upon the house—

Urs. A blessing!

Alex. Peace friends! Like Jonas, plunge me in
the depths

Of seething ocean, to restore your calm!

But let me reckon with you ere I go.

Ursulus, tell me, wherein have I wronged you?

Urs. Why, in merely being here. You are an
eyesore to me, a blotch, an excrescence, an ugly
wart. Do these things wrong any one? Yet,
who can bear them? Whom does a spider
hurt, or a house-lizard, or a centipede? Yet
who does not loathe and hate them? [*Savagely.*]
Who would not gladly set his foot on one of
them when he sees it, and crush it thus. [*Stamp-*
ing.] Their offence is merely their presence
their existence! And that is yours.

Alex. [*smiling.*] Well, my existence is beyond my
reach,

My presence I have promised to relieve you of.

Now, Proculus, with you a parting word.

Be it in peace!

Proc. Aye, peace eternal!

Alex. [*mildly.*] Proculus,
 You have not squandered gentleness on me,
 Nor lavished kindness, since I entered here.
 I speak not to reproach; you did not mean it:
 Nor am I worthy of aught better.

Euseb. Oh!
 Speak not thus, good Ignotus. You have been
 Foully misused.

Proc. Peace, slave, I say again!

Alex. Forbear, Eusebius; well, I know myself,
 [*Carinus draws nearer, still unnoticed.*]
 Friend, [*to Proc.*] have I ever murmured a com-
 plaint,
 E'en to the winds, much less to others' ears?
 Have I not bent enough to your reproaches,
 Bowed low enough before your scorn, or sunk
 Not prostrate quite, beneath the sullen blow,
 Or stinging buffet of you, or your servants?

Proc. Hold, villain, hold,—

Euseb. The "villain" in your teeth!

Alex. Eusebius, if you love me, silence! Proculus,
 Say if in this I have not so demeaned me
 As hath well pleased you, and I'll crave your
 pardon.

If I have not been meek enough and humble,
 If I have scandalized some weaker brother,
 By haughty bearing, while within this house,

Tell me, that to the very dust, I may
Stoop before you and him, and part forgiven.

Euseb. Nay, 'tis for *him* to ask your pardon.

I'roc. Bah!

You came to act a part, and well have acted!
The sleek and smooth-faced palmer, unrepining
At a snug berth. Some patience is good pay
For five years' shelter, clothing, food, and alms.
Where is the beggar that can't bear a taunt,
Aye, or a blow, for *one* coin? But five years'
Living, upon the sweat of others' brows,
Must be a beggar's paradise!

Euseb. Shame! shame!

Proc. Aye, shame enough! that a young sturdy
vagrant

Should eat the bread of honest toiling folk.

Urs. Honester than himself, I'll warrant you.

Proc. Shame, that he should be sitting all the day,
As if at home, within another's house,
Instead of putting out his strength to interest,
And drawing food from strong well-sinewed arms.

Urs. Pampered, too, with the best of everything!

Proc. Can I, who bear the burthen of this house,
With patience see a lazy parasite
Feed on its fatness? suck its very blood?—

Now, hear my answer: under just reproach,
Scorn well deserved, blows richly merited,
You may have wisely bent—not low enough

By one good fathom, for my deep disdain.

Alex. Can I go lower than the dust?

Proc. Beneath it!

Alex. Your wish may be fulfilled.

Proc. No, no; to-morrow

You go to seek elsewhere your grave. Mean-
time

Thus do I flout you. [*Snaps his fingers in his
face.*]

Urs. [*shaking his fist before Alex.*] And I thus.

Enter Euphemianus.

Euph. How now?

Insult you thus my guest?

Euseb. O were this all, Sir!

Proc. Silence, thou slave!

Euph. Slave, he is now my freedman,
And so your equal.

Proc. [*confused.*] Sir, I knew it not.

Euph. What then?

Proc. I saw him striking Ursulus,
Himself methought a slave.

Euseb. Sir, it is false.

This Ursulus was rudely plundering
Ignectus of the food you sent to him,
And I but rescued it.

Urs. O foul untruth!

I heard Ignotus say he wished it taken
To Gannio ; so I took it.

Euph. What has this
To do with what I saw ?

Proc. 'Tis that these two
Make common cause to worry all your house-
hold,
Leave it no peace, no rest. And I must own,
I let my feelings carry me too far,
When you surprised me.

Euph. Well ? and you, then, Ursulus ?

Urs. My tender feelings too were wounded, Sir,
He called me harpy !

Euph. Who ?

Urs. Eusebius.

Euph. Then why revenge yourself upon Ignotus ?

Euseb. Give me your ear a moment, Sir.

Proc. Nay, first
Listen to me, I claim my right.

Euph. Proceed.

Proc. Ignotus, Sir, did sore provoke me first.

He taunted me with having scorned, ill-used
him ;

After five years of hospitality,
Spoke of himself as of an injured man.

Car. [*from behind.*] O lying villain !

Proc. [*startled.*] Did I hear a voice ?

Euph. 'Twas but an echo. Saith he true, Ignotus ?

Speak, friend, and ease my soul. [*Pauses.*] You
will not say?

Euseb. I will speak for him. It is a false tale
From first to last, that Proculus hath told.

Proc. 'Tis true, Sir, every word. Speak Ursulus.

Urs. If it's not true, I never spoke the truth.

Proc. See then, what I assert, Sir is—

Car. A lie!

All start ; Proc. and Urs. tremble.

Euph. Methought I heard a sound? It must be
fancy.

How shall I judge between such jarring words,
Such yeas and nays?

Proc. Why thus, Sir : Ursulus
And I agree on one side. On the other,
Eusebius stands alone—

Euseb. Come speak, Ignotus.

Alex. [*to Euph.*] I am not worth disputing thus
about,

For so I add affliction to your charity.
Who am I that should contradict or one
Or the other? Pray be reconciled—once more
Be friends.

Proc. You see he bears no testimony,
We therefore stand two witnesses 'gainst—

Car. [*coming forward.*]

Two.

I have heard all.

Proc. [*aside.*] 'Twas then his voice we heard,
All is now lost !

Car. From first to last—aye all.

Eusebius hath said true—the others false.

Proc. And shall a stripling's word decide the case,
Against two old and faithful servants ?

Car. Yes.

Father ! or rather master here of all !

Be you our common judge ! I know I'm young,

Not witty, nor endowed with brilliant parts

With ready thought or speech. One gift alone

From infancy I have possessed and higher
prized,

And cherish still.—

Proc. [*ironically.*] And pray what is it ?

Car. TRUTH.

My lips have never lied, nor will, Euphemian.

Brutal in speech and action both have been

To this your holy guest.

[*Taking Alexius's hand.*]

Be thou, Ignotus,

My tutor from henceforth, my guide, my friend ;

Teach me but half the virtue I have seen

This hour in thee, reserving to thyself

The bloom so exquisite that made it lovely ;—

Be thou to me Alexius. He, if lost,

In thee be found ! So like you are in virtue !
 And what are learning, genius, wisdom, save
 The gems wherein to set that peerless brilliant ?
Alex. [*moved.*] O dearest child ! would I could
 hear thee oft :

To learn and not to teach.

Car. But you have promised
 This Proculus, to leave to-morrow.

Euph. Is it so ?

Alex. It is, and I must keep my word.

Car. [*to Euph.*] Nay, then
 You must command, where I can but entreat.

Euph. Ignotus, hear a father's supplication ;—
 [*Alexius starts.*]

Father to this poor orphan ! Stay and bless
 This house so long as heaven gives you life.
 Promise me this.

Alex. Most faithfully I promise.

Proc. [*aside.*] Prevaricator !

Alex. [*to Proc.*] And be true to you.

Euph. How can that be ?

Alex. To-morrow you shall see.
 Till then be all forgotten, all be peace.

Euph. Yes, let to-morrow be our day of joy,
 That gives a father to this orphan boy,
 Restores an heir to these long cheerless halls,
 By whose award each pleader stands or falls.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.—*The Arentine.*

Gannio seated on the marble bench, eating a mess in a bowl. Enter Bibulus muffled up, with a hat slouched over his eyes, and a beard. Speaks in a feigned voice.

Bib. Good afternoon, Gannio, still at your post, devouring all the good things you can get from Euphemian's house.

Gan. Pray who are you that make so free with my name?

Bib. Why, don't you know, old fellow, who I am?

Gan. Old fellow, indeed? I don't know who you are, but I can tell you *what* you are.

Bib. How, so, pray?

Gan. By your not letting me know *who* you are.

Bib. As sharp as ever! Well, *what* am I?

Gan. Why, you are an impostor.

Bib. How is that?

Gan. A man who wont let others know who he is, wants to impose on them; and so do you.

Bib. It may be only to you that I do not want to be known.

Gan. Then I can tell you that you are worse.

Bib. What?

Gan. A villain.

Bib. [*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! how do you make that out?

Gan. Any one who knows Gannio, as you evidently do, and is ashamed of being known to *him*, must indeed be a villain of the first water.

Bib. It is still the same quaint old thing. [*Pulls off his disguise.*] Look at me now! Dost know me?

Gan. Aye, do I, and for worse than either impostor or villain.

Bib. Nay, then for what?

Gan. Why, for a fool.

Bib. Wherein, good friend?

Gan. You are that Bibulus who once conceived a great idea—and did not execute it; formed a grand plan—and failed; determined to commit a magnificent crime—and repented; prepared poison for his master—and fell on his knees before him. Bah! I despise such a man.

Bib. Well done, Gannio! game to the end!

Gan. Go to; I loathe a sneaking penitent. I suppose you have been wandering all over the world, and have come back—

Bib. The same.

Gan. I was going to say,—a hypocrite. Well, it is not so bad!

Bib. Now, Gannio, that I see you are as staunch as

ever, I will tell you of a better thing than poisoning Euphemian.

Gan. What is that?

Bib. Robbing him.—Just listen. How can a man of your spirit sit outside of a house, begging for its scraps, when there are heaps of gold inside, to be had for—

Gan. Hanging, eh?

Bib. Nonsense, man. You may be rich without risk. To-morrow Honorius dines there, and I know that on such an occasion the table is all laid out the night before. A like opportunity may never occur again, in our time. Let me see—the last time was, the day when that foolish boy Alexius ran away; just ten years to-morrow. I remember the table well. Such plate! none of your shim-sham silver gilt, but real sterling gold, for centuries in the family. Such candelabra, such urns, and huge dishes, and flagons.

Gan. With such wine in them, eh?

Bib. Not yet. We must keep sober over it, Gannio.

Gan. Of course. [*Puts a bottle slung round him to his mouth.*]

Bib. My turn, if you please. [*Drinks from it.*]
But we must have assistance. Do you know of

a couple of trustworthy villains, Gannio? two honest scoundrels?

Gan. Aye, do I, two as cunning as foxes, and as bold as lions.

Bib. Perhaps too as ferocious as tigers. [*Gan. nods.*]
So much the better. What are their names?

Gan. I don't know; but we'll call one of them *First Robber* and t'other *Second Robber*, as they do in a play.

Bib. Aye, but we are not acting a play, surely?

Gan. No, no, Bibulus, a hanging matter is no play. Now so much for our *pals*. I will secure *them*; next comes how to manage the *plant*.

Bib. We must meet here at dusk, and I will get you with myself into a neglected cellar at the back of the house. All will be busy opening the huge iron chests, unpacking and cleaning and laying out the plate. Towards morning they will all go to rest; and we will quietly walk into the triclinium, fill our sacks—none of your wallets, good big sacks,—and walk out by the front door. The only difficulty is where to stow away the plunder.

Gan. I'll manage that. In a back street hard by lives a friend of mine. One sometimes, you know, picks up an odd brooch or ring, that has fallen off a person, and needs a friend to dispose of it.

Bib. Good; he has always the pot boiling, I suppose? But how does he pay?

Gan. Why, to tell the truth, only so so.

Bib. What does he give for wrought gold, for instance?

Gan. For gold he gives the price of old silver.

Bib. Unconscionable villain! How *can* people be so dishonest! And for silver?

Gan. The value of brass.

Bib. Why it is downright robbery! A complete oppression! Then for brass?

Gan. Oh, he would not thank you, even, for any amount of it.

Bib. I suppose he has plenty of his own already.

Gan. Lots. Then all is arranged. I will go and see my friends. At dusk we meet again. [*Kicks aside his wooden bowl.*] There, out of my sight, vile platter—henceforward Gannio disdains all but gold. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Atrium.*

Enter Alexius and Carinus.

Car. Edessa, then, has been your chief abode,

During your Eastern pilgrimage. You loved it?

Alex. Dearly; it is a city of much beauty,

Its houses stately, and its churches gorge

And then besides it is in truth a place
 Of gentle breeding and of courtly manners.
 Nor is this all. The east does not possess
 A seat of learning more renowned than that.

Car. I well remember how, in Syria, youths
 Who panted after knowledge oft would say,
 "I will to famed Edessa, there to study."*

Alex. Truly, because each nation hath a home
 Within its walls. Syrians, Armenians, Persians,
 There pass their youth in quest of varied lore.

From many fountains elsewhere issue rills
 Of letters and of science; some will creep
 Winding along the plain, and dallying
 With flowers of enervating fragrance; some
 Bound sparkling and impetuous from the rock,
 And threaten rudely delicacy of faith.
 But in Edessa these all flow alike
 Into one deep yet crystal cistern,
 Filled, by King Abgar, with the flood of life
 Fresh from its source.† There they are purified,
 Filtered, refined; and issue, each distinct,
 Yet all impregnate with celestial lymph.

Car. How marvellous must be this graceful blending
 Of the two wisdoms, into one design.

* Edessa, the earliest Christian University, had national colleges for eastern nations, at this time.

† According to primitive tradition he received Christianity from its living Founder.

But say, Ignotus, could a boy like me,
 With nought else gifted but *desire* to learn,
 There profit gain ?

Alex. You measure profit ill.
 The vaunt of youth lies not in ready wit,
 Shrewdness of thought, or sprightliness of
 speech,—
 Torrents in spring that leave dry summer beds,
 Trees that yield early, but ill-ripening, fruit.
 The grace of youth is in the open brow,
 Serene and true; in blooming cheeks, that blush
 Praise to receive, but glow with joy to give ;
 In eye that drinks in, flashes not forth, light,
 Fixed on the teacher's lips, as hope's on heaven ;
 In the heart docile, unambitious, steadfast.—
 A youth with these may bind a smaller sheaf,
 But every ear contains a solid grain,
 Which heaven's sun and dew have swelled and
 ripened—
 Bread of the present life, seed of the next.*

* The following may be substituted for the text, when elsewhere performed.

Car. It cheers me, so to hear you talk, Ignotus.
 But in my heart deep lies a secret thought
 To man yet unrevealed. Your words so sweet
 Would charm it from its nest—

Car. It cheers my heart to hear you talk, Ignotus.

But tell me more: is there among those homes
Of solid learning, one which you prefer?

Alex. Where all are excellent, 'tis hard to choose.
Affection only may decide.

Car. E'en this

From you might guide selection.

Alex. Listen then.

I best remember one of large dimensions,
Furnished with all its purpose could demand,
A noble library, a stately hall,
Art-bedecked cloisters, many chapeled church.
I often lingered by its walls to hear
Now sacred chaunts, now shouts of youthful glee.

Alex. Perhaps unfledged.

Car. Yet soon it must have wings. Tell me,
Ignotus,

Can it be wrong in one so weak as I,
To fly at lofty heights, sublimest aims?

Alex. [*surprised.*] What! is ambition creeping in
already,

To torture your young heart? So needless, too!
For yours are wealth, nobility, command
O'er a vast apanage.

Car. Nay, judge me not
So meanly Ignotus; higher far I soar.

Car. How is it called, Ignotus?

Alex. Near its gates

A lordly yew once spread its boughs ; as yet,
Unplumed by time, its hollow trunk there stands,
And gives it name.†

Car. Proceed, good friend.

Alex. It chanced,

As I Edessa left, that I did pass
Before its porch, and saw unusual stir,
Great preparations for a festive day.
They bid me gently, and I entered in.—
It was my palmer's privilege. They said
That day they kept their JUBILEE.

Car. What meant they?

Alex. Higher than Rome's first Senator? [*With emotion.*] What? child,

O no! it cannot be!—You cannot dream
To match your flight against the Roman Eagle's,
Snatch the world's sceptre, and usurp a purple
Then surely doubly dyed. O no, Carinus,

[*Affectionately.*]

Such hideous fancies darken not your soul.
But should their distant pest-cloud but approach,
Fly from its baleful shadow as from death!

Car. O, dear Ignotus, this would be to fall,

† *Ushaw*, supposed to have thus received its name.

Alex. 'Twas the completion of just fifty years,
Since they had there abode.

Car. A happy day,
And joyful must that jubilee have been !

Alex. Aye, had you seen those youths' bright faces,
heard

Their ringing cheers, their gladsome minstrelsy,
Tasted their bounteous banquet, witnessed
The sacred drama they so well performed,
In honour of the day, you, though a stranger,
Would have pronounced it, joyful happy day !

Car. Indeed I would ! and were there strangers
there ?

Alex. Yes many whom kind courtesy had brought.

With broken pinion, lower ; not to rise.

Earth's gifts while scorning, can I love its
crimes ?

Alex. Then solve me your enigma, dearest child.

Car. A nobler name than "Cæsar or "Augustus"

I covet : such commands I long to issue

As angels execute, and demons dread :

To wear no purple, but what *once* He wore—

The King that ruled o'er Pilate's mocking court :

To stand before an altar, not a throne,

Not the world's lordship bearing, but its Lord :

But there were others whom affection drew,
 Or duty even ; for they called that house
 Their mother. Some were venerable prelates,
 And many, holy priests, who once had walked
 Along those cloisters, book in hand, to con
 Their youthful lessons ; there were many, too,
 Who thence had gone to battle with the world ;
 And now returned, to thank the very walls
 Whence they had plucked their arms. Gladness
 prevailed,
 And mutual gratulation. All felt bound
 In one community of grateful love.

Car. But surely few could measure back that term
 Of half a century ?

Alex. Alas ! but few.

Alex. [*tenderly.*] O loved Carinus, how my fears
 have wronged you !
 May heaven's bright blessing beam on your
 resolve ;
 May choicest grace bedew its tender roots,
 Till it grow up to ripeness. But, my child,
 Have you weighed well its sequences, conditions,
 Its difficulties, sacrifices, loss ?
 Euphemian binds to you, as its first link,
 'The chain of long succession to his name ;—
 While you would close it.

And in the house one only. In the midst
 Of all he sate, uniting old and young,
 Friends of his youth, disciples of his age;
 So that he smiled on all, and made all smile.
 His life the chain, which, threading one by one
 The circlets of past fifty years, joined them
 Into one generation. Many hung
 From ring or link ;—alone he held both ends.

So many had he led on wisdom's path,
 So many had sustained up virtue's steep,
 That by consent they called him all—"the
 Doctor,"
 Aye "the old Doctor" was their name of love.*

Car. But how gloriously!

The priest, like the apostle, *ends* his line,
 However proud its nobleness, more nobly:
 As the sun's furnace yields at eve its gold.

Alex. How tell Euphemian this?

Car. There is my trial.

And yet to-morrow it must needs be told.

Will you not help me? [*Caressingly.*]

Alex. [*looking upwards and thoughtfully.*] Yes,
 dear boy, I will.

So noble is your thought, so sweetly told:

So dovelike is your nestling, yet beyond

* The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Newsham, President of St. Cuthbert's College

Car. O dear Ignotus, you have made me envious
Of other's happiness—but you seem weary.

Alex. I should have been much more, except for
you.

Car. How so ?

Alex. Because nought is so sweet to me
As to converse with fresh ingenuous youth,
And guide its opening impulses. I fear,
My child, that you are wanted ; till to-morrow
Farewell !

The eaglet I had deemed it, that if e'en
It needed for its growth my heart's best blood,
There, like the pelican, I'd feed it willingly,
Till thence you drew it forth.

Car. O speak not so ;
To-morrow you shall help me to disclose
My so long burrowing purpose. [*Hesitating.*]
And perhaps
You then will tell me your own history.
Ignotus—pardon—you are not what men
Take you for. 'Neath that coarse dress, and in
that
Spare form, those features wan, there lurks a spark
Of noble nature, and of brilliant fire.
Oh! tell me who you are!

Alex. Yes, yes, to-morrow !

Car. That terrible to-morrow ! But,
 Ignotus, talk to me again and soon,
 To-night my dreams shall bear me to Edessa.

Alex. May they be omens of a true event !
 You, who are young, oh, may you live to see,
 A second, not a brighter jubilee ! *[Exeunt.]*

Car. To-morrow ! Everything on that dark day !
 It looks to me like a storm-laden cloud,
 Embosoming blight, fever, dark dismay
 And yet athwart it darts one precious beam
 Of glory, shooting from the deepest hue.
 It bears your name, Ignotus, and it shines
 Upon my future way.

Alex. *[deeply affected.]* Blest be its omen !
 But you are wanted—so farewell, my child
 Farewell—who knows ? Yes, yes, we meet
 again !

Car. Farewell until that terrible to-morrow !

Alex. *[thoughtfully and tenderly.]* 'Twill not be
 terrible when next we meet.

When our eyes glass themselves in one another's
 Tears will have been wiped from them ; mourn-
 ing none,

Nor pain nor sigh will be—first things are passed.

Car. Farewell, I'll try to dream, then, of that
 bright to-morrow ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Night. The stage darkened.

*Enter from the house side Bibulus, Gan-
nio, and two robbers. Each is muffled up,
and carries a sack heavily loaded, the two
robbers have knives or daggers in their
girdles. They grope one after another,
Bibulus leading.*

Bib. This way masters, this way, we are now just
at the door.

1st Rob. Which way?

Bib. Why this way.

2nd Rob. But which is this way?

Bib. Follow me, you —

1st Rob. Come, no sauce—where are you?

Bib. Follow your nose, then, straight across the
court.

[At length they meet in the middle.]

Here we are at last altogether. Now take
hold of one another, and follow me.

*[As they do so, a glimmer of light ap-
pears from Alexius's cell. They turn round
and see him kneeling with his arms e-]*

tended. They stand in attitudes of amazement, two on each side; and as the scene proceeds, one by one lay down their sacks, stupified and over-awed. The light goes on increasing, till it reaches, before the chorus, its utmost brightness.]

Alex. Ye blessed spirits watch over this house,
 Defend its goods and inmates from the prowler;—
 And if mine own long-wished-for hour draw nigh,
 Oh, let me hear once more your minstrelsy.

CHORUS OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.

Angels watch, aloft to bear,
 Pilgrim youth! thy parting prayer.
 Into night's dark veil is weaving
 Golden threads the coming sun;
 Earth's cold gloom behind thee leaving,
 Haste thy course of light to run.
 On our bosoms sunk to rest,
 Wake among thy kindred Blest!

Alex. [*starting up.*] I come, I come, I come;—
 oh! tarry for me.

*[The robbers run away out of the house
 —Day breaking.]*

Alex. [*recovering from his trance, roused by the*

noise.] What means all this, what have we here?

Ha! thieves!

'Tis well I watched; what treasures they have seized!

The door must be made fast; [*Shuts and bolts it.*] and until day

Has roused the slumbering family, this spoil
Will be securer here! [*Puts the sacks into his cell and shuts it.*]

Well, thanks to heaven!

My poor last will and testament is written.

[*Looks at a scroll, and puts it back into his bosom.*]

So I am ready. [*A great noise of trampling and calling out from the house.*]

Ah! the theft's discovered.

Enter Proculus, and all the servants, in great confusion and with much noise.

Urs. They must have got out this way. The back door is closed, and I have been at it these two hours.

Proc. Ah! Ignotus. You too are up betimes; have you seen any robbers pass this way?

Alex. No, but I heard them running off.

Dav. [*picking up a spoon.*] Here is proof that they have passed through this!

Proc. [*who has been to the door.*] Aye, and moreover the front door is bolted and barred; so, courage boys! the robber is still in the house. He shan't escape.

Ver. [*looking into the cell.*] Eureka! eureka! Here's the plunder lads, here's the magpie's nest! Look, look!

[*They draw out the sacks, and surround Alexius, in menacing attitudes, and with angry gestures.*]

Dav. So you didn't see the robbers, eh? Good reason why, you had never no looking-glass in your room.

Ver. Perhaps if you had had your slippers on, you wouldn't have heard them either.

Proc. Well, I think this time, my good pilgrim, you will not wind yourself so easily out of it: [*Aside*] and that forward boy is not here to help you.

Enter Euphemian and Eusebius.

Euph. How now, my men? It is strange that the very day, on which my house is to be most highly honoured, and I wished it to be the most orderly and peaceful, should commence with absolute tumult, as if the place were possessed by evil spirits.

Proc. One at least, Sir, we have found; but I

hope we shall be able to lay him effectually this time.

[*Pointing to Alexius, who is faint and in pain.*]

Euph. What again, and so soon after my proclaiming a truce to your quarrels till after the festivities of to-day, are you insulting and assailing the good man?

Proc. The good man indeed! the thief, the robber of your house. [*Showing the sacks.*]

Euph. Good heavens! What means this?

Proc. It means neither more nor less than that during the night, the most valuable portion of your plate, laid out for the imperial banquet, has been carried off, that the doors are all fastened inside, and that we have found it all in Ignotus's room.

Euseb. Do not believe so clumsy a tale, Sir. Depend upon it, this is only a conspiracy got up against him.

Urs. We are all witnesses to the truth.

All. Yes, Sir, all of us.

Euph. Surely, Ignotus, this cannot be true? And yet the evidence seems strong against you. This time you *must* explain. [*Pauses.*] What not a syllable?

Euseb. O dear Ignotus, one word will suffice. Your *no* will answer all their accusations.

Alex. And yet I may not speak it. [*Aside to Euseb.*]

Good Eusebius,

My lips are sealed.

Euseb. Oh not by guilt, just heaven?

Alex. No: by example too sublime to name.

Euph. Ignotus, I implore you, speak.—Still silent?

Speak, or I must believe your guilt.—No answer?

This silence doth condemn you—wretched man.

[*Sorrowfully and indignantly.*]

Have I then ta'en a viper to my bosom,
Whom worthy I had deemed to be a son?
A faithless robber for a holy man?
And have five years of seeming piety,
Of feigned austerity, and sham religion
Been but a hypocrite's deep preparation
For vilest treachery, and meanest crime?
Who will believe again in human virtue,
If this be true?

Alex. Oh spare me! mercy! pity!

Euph. Aye, pity me, who have been cozened so!

Ignotus, had you wanted gold, and told me,
You should have had it in its choicest forms.

I loved you well, and thought I owed you much!
Now you have shamed yourself, alas! and me;
Before my servants and my child, have made
Virtue a bye-word, godliness a scorn.

Alex. [*staggering forward.*] Believe it not ; but, oh !
 I am so faint,
 I cannot speak.

Euph. Alas ! remorse, I fear,
 Chokes up your utterance, and saps your strength.
 Better confess your guilt by one short word,
 And seek forgiveness !

Alex. [*looking about distracted.*] Oh ! where is
 that boy ?

Euph. Never shall you set eye on him again,
 To blight his virtue by its basilisk gaze.
 Go, go, Ignotus, go in peace—for ever.

Alex. [*endeavouring to approach, and kneel before
 him.*]

Oh ! spurn me not ; by all that is most dear
 Still to your heart ; by your poor son long lost,
 By him who will this day replace him, I
 Conjure you, hear me.

Euph. No, Ignotus, no ! [*Motion-
 ing him back.*]

Fly from my sight, thine hour to go hath knelled.

Alex. Ah ! now I know 'tis true ; Angels, I come !
 From other hands I well could stand a *blow*,
 The wave of *that* is death. It fills my cup—
 To die a thief reputed in that heart,
 Where, upon earth, alone I cared for love !
 Farewell ! [*He sinks back into Eusebius's arms,
 and is laid on the couch, raised so as to*

face the audience. His right hand hangs by his side, his left is close pressed on his bosom.]

Euph. Let him lie there to gather strength,
Then give him means to go.

Euseb. Sir, 'tis too late,
His last is breathed on earth.

Euph. Oh! say not so!
'Twould be an end too horrible; a robber's
Invoking Angels, unrepented, too!

Enter Carinus.

Car. What hath occurred so early to disturb you?

Euseb. See here, my boy, your friend Ignotus
dead!

Car. Impossible! Awake, Ignotus, rise—

[Alarmed.]

It cannot be, what can have killed him?

Proc. Conscience!

Car. What does that mean!

Proc. Remorse!

Dav. He died a thief.

Ver. Just to escape a hanging.

Car. I'm bewildered!

No, no, his spirit can't be fled. He'll keep

His promise to me to remain with me. *[Kneeling and taking his hand in both his.]*

Will you not speak to your new pupil ? Press
His hand at least. Yours is yet warm ! Oh give
One token that you know him ! Ah me ! I fear

[*Bursting into grief.*]

It is too true ; some sudden cause hath driven
His soul to an abode more worthy of it.

If so, before high heaven, I protest
Against it loudly, and declare me guiltless

Euph. [*roused out of deep sorrow, passionately.*]

Let go that hand, Carinus, lest its touch
Pollute you, 'tis a robber's, child !

Car. [*looking up, astonished.*] A robber's ?

Euph. Aye, a blasphemers, too !

Car. Blasphemers's ?

Euph. One who by his hypocrisy would nigh
Make us henceforth forswear all virtue.

Car. How, Sir ?
What can this mean ? Do you, then, join your
slaves

In hateful condemnation of your friend ?

Euph. Oh, yes, at last plain evidence of guilt
Hath flashed upon me.

Car. Though 'twere like the sun,
I would deny its ray.

Euph. [*pulling him away*] Come, leave that bier
To its own load of guilt.

Car. What guilt ?

Euph. First, theft
 Basest in kind ; and after 'twas committed,
 And rank remorse, or heaven's unseen bolt,
 Had felled the culprit, he, without repentance,
 Commended him to Angels' hands.

Car. Enough !
 No hardened villain could have done as much !
 Still less a gentle, saintly youth like him !
 One hour of converse with him yesterday,
 Made me well know him ! I dare to proclaim
 His innocence, and challenge all to proof
 Of any guilt in dear Ignotus.

Euph. Rash
 And foolish boy, I needs must call you, now.
 Last night this house was robbed of precious
 plate,
 And there it lies ! [*Pointing to the sacks.*]

Car. But, pray, where was it found ?

Proc. Within his cell.

Car. [*thoughtful and abstracted.*] And so was
 Joseph's cup,

Found in the sack of Benjamin—yet, still,
 He was no thief ! others may there have left it.

Euph. This is unreasonable—e'en in a child.
 The door was closed and bolted from inside,
 No one can have escaped.

Car. [*after a moment's pause.*] Eusebius, Proculus,

Haste to the door; fresh sand was strewn
before it,

For the imperial visit, yester-eve.

A morning shower hath crisped its surface; see
If footsteps have yet pressed it. [*They go and
return.*]

Euseb. Heaven bless thee, gifted boy! the prints
are clear,

Of two men to the right, two to the left,
Fleeing from off the very door-step.

Proc. Four,
No doubt, have passed the threshold.

Car. And just four
Are these thieves' packages.

Euseb. O noble youth!

What instinct have the pure to find the truth!

[*A loud knocking at the door; it is opened.*

*Enter an officer, dragging in Bibulus and Gannio,
handcuffed.*]

Officer. Hath anything happened amiss in your
house, my Lord? These two men were seen to
run out of it, and after a hot pursuit have been
captured. Two others took another direction, and
I fear have escaped. [*He throws off their hats.*]

Several. Bibulus, I declare!

Others. Gannio, upon my word!

Bib. [*kneeling.*] Good Sir, once more forgive
me!

Euph. Surely I am bewitched! What means all this?

Bib. Last night, we two—

Gan. Indeed, Sir, he induced me,
To join in robbing you, with two companions.

Euph. Speak, one or other, but go on.

Bib. [*rising.*] We filled—
Aye, there they are—four sacks with plate.
Thus far,

We had in safety reached.—

Euph. Well, who then stopped you?

Bib. He who once saved your life, now saved your
house.

Euph. How so? What did he? Speak! my
heart will break!

Bib. We heard him pray that Angels would pro-
tect it;

Then shone a glory round him like the sun,
While unseen spirits in a heavenly strain,
Welcomed him to them. Scared, we fled away,
As Roman soldiers before Easter's ray.

Euph. Oh! wretched man I am! This day I
hoped

Would bring joy, honour, glory to my house,
Yet hath it bred more grief and anguish here,
Than any other anniversary.

Oh! shame to have thus spurned the innocent
Nay, almost cursed him! seen him die, unmoved.

Loaded his corse with ignominy! Oh! blindness,
 ness,

Not to have learnt after five years' experience,
 What one day taught this child, his depth of
 virtue!

My life indeed must now be spent in weeping
 Over such guilt!

But, Proculus, haste, tell
 As best you can, the Emperor my grief,
 And beg indulgence till a brighter day!

Proc. Stay! for here comes a royal chamberlain.

Enter Chamberlain.

Chamb. Noble Euphemian, I come from Honorius!
 He follows shortly.

Euph. We are not prepared
 Thus early. Why this haste?

Chamb. Have you not heard,
 That through the churches of the entire city,
 A voice has clearly rung; "Haste to the Aven-
 tine,
 A saint hath died there!" Crowds are flocking
 hither

By every avenue. The Emperor
 And Pontiff Innocent have sent me forward,
 To ascertain the spot; for no one knows
 Where any saint hath lived, and may have died.

Euph. Oh! viler still am I! A virtuous man,

Methought I had misjudged, yet 'tis a saint
I have held in my house five years, nor known
him!

And at his death I have reviled him! Go,
Pray my good Lords, the Emperor and Pope,
Not to approach the house of one so sinful
As I have been, till tears have washed my guilt.

Car. Oh! weep not, father, comfort soon will come.
These, your good princes, may be sent to bear it.
There was a purpose in this great concealment,
A mystery of virtue unrevealed,
Buried in this deep heart;—

[*Touches Alexius's breast.*]

Ha! and is this its epitaph? [*Draws a scroll
from the hand on the bosom. All look amazed.*]

What's here?

[*Opens the scroll, looks at it, shrieks as he lets it
fall, and throws himself in passionate grief across
the bier. Eusebius picks up the scroll, and gives
it to Euphemian, who looks at it, drops it, and
buries his face in his hands, moaning.*]

Euph. O wo is me! deeper my anguish still!
Keener my shame, blacker my crime! Alas!
That I should not have known thee, not dis-
covered!

That I should have been dead to every throb
Of a paternal heart, deaf to its cries!

Nay, that I should have overlooked the yearnings

Of thy true filial love, to be reclaimed—

(So many instances I now remember)

Looks to me like a spell cast over me.

But, read, Eusebius, read my final sentence.

Euseb. [who has taken up the scroll, reads amidst profound silence, and signs of amazement.]

“ I am Alexius, son of the Senator Euphemia.

A supreme command sent me away from my father’s house, to wander as a pilgrim for five years. My time was chiefly passed at Edessa. After that period, I was similarly commanded to return, and die in the place where I was born. My father’s charity has supported me till this my last day.

“ I keep my promises to all. Proculus, I depart hence for ever. Carinus, child of my heart, I remain with you to guide you still, though unseen.

“ My father ! mourn not for me ; you have secured for me greater happiness than this world can give. Be hospitable ever to the stranger : be charitable to the poor. The heir of your house is found again, as he has often promised you. But as you decided, *he* should to-day make the award between your servants, regarding the pilgrim Ignotus, he hereby pronounces in favour of universal pardon, forgetfulness, and reconciliation.

“ Alexius.”

Proc. Let me be foremost, Sir, to claim this pardon,

As in offending I have been most forward.

Deeply I grieve my past injustices.

All. So do we all.

Bib. and Gan. And we our base attempt.

Euph. All I forgive—but who will pardon me ?

Far in the depths of some Egyptian desert,
Must be my shame and sorrow buried. There
Tears of repentance may blot out my guilt.

[*Kneeling by the couch and seizing Alexius's
hand.*]

Ah! now I recognize those placid features
In thee, my son, by which I should have known
thee!

Here is thy noble brow, serene in grief,
Here are thy truthful lips, smiling in death,
Oh that thine eyes would open ;—yet their lids
Can scarce o'ercloud the azure of their orbs!

[*Rising passionately.*]

How blinded I have been! Oh! who will draw
me

From the abyss of my despair ?

Car. [*clinging to Euph.*] I will.

Remember, father, 'tis in ignorance,
And in obedience to a higher will,
That you have acted. What to you brings sorrow
Gives him renown on earth, in heaven glory.

Euph. And what is that?

Car. 'y, to have meekly died

Under false censure of the kindest judge.
 What Isaac would have been, had Abrani's knife
 Cleft his un murmuring breast—that is Alexius.
 Nay, more; he could not be the saint he is,
 Had he not passed that "*lamna sabachthani*;"
 'Tis the sublimest martyrdom of soul.

Euph. Child, thou hast comforted me! [*To the
 Chamberlain.*] Go, tell the princes
 Who wield the keys and sceptre of both worlds,
 That here reposes one in each most great.
 Myself and my young heir await them

[*Exit Chambr.*]

Car. Father,
 I pray you speak not so. [*Pointing to Alex.*]
 There is your heir,
 Returned to claim his own, and keep his promise.
 All here is his, and he departs no more.

Euph. How shall this be?

Car. You have no other heir,
 I will be none. Heaven has called him saint;
 This is his tomb, his shrine, his temple; here
 Must rise a stately church, with ample cloisters,
 To lodge the pilgrim; your estates endow it;
 You be its faithful steward.

Euph. And Carinus.

Car. Will be its priest. Till age and law permit,
 He'll seek Edessa. In (its yew-named)* college,

* Or (some fair-famed)

Learning with virtue will make years glide quick.
 His diligence shall run a race with yours,
 So nicely matched, that both of you shall win.
 What time the sacred dome shall have been
 built,

Its priest from secret study will emerge.
 (For silent toil is youth's best husbandry.)
 Here he will work in his sublime vocation,
 Console the sorrowing, rejoice the poor ;
 The body's ills relieve, but cure the soul's,
 And wing it for the flight beyond all pain.
 Then when the work and griefs of day are ended,
 He'll sit him down beside his cousin's tomb,
 To meditate upon his hidden worth,
 Inglorious virtues, and unhonoured grace,
 His humble life, and ignominious end—
 Yet saintly glory !

Euph. Oh ! Carinus, stay,
 The myst'ry now I read of this great day ;
 Which to my house, through ways by us least
 thought,
 More glory, than all earth's renown, has brought.
 I read its *lesson* too, so high and true ;—
 By him well taught—so be it learnt by you :
 “None in the Church's golden diadem
 Can shine, that is not long a hidden gem.”

In the first performance of this Drama, the "Chorus of unseen Spirits" was adapted to the Music of Mendelssohn's beautiful Trio in the Elijah, "Lift up thine eyes." As this is copyright, it cannot be here printed. A new musical composition, which cannot fail to be admired, has been kindly supplied for the song by Mr. SCHULTHES, director of the Choir and Choral College of the Oratory, Brompton : though of course either may be used. Both choruses may be sung without accompaniment.

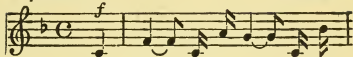
CHORUS OF SLAVES.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Tempo risoluto.

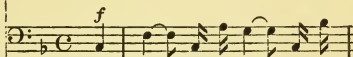
VERDI.

TENORI.



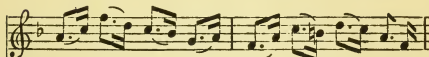
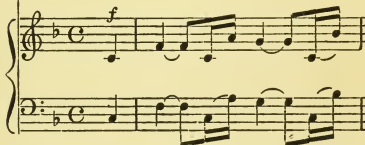
There shall be no rest for his

BASSI.

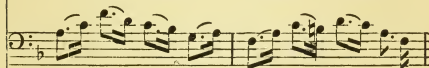


There shall be no rest for his

ACCOMP.



ach - ing bones, No none, no none, for his



ach - ing bones, No none, no none, for his





wea - ry head; His bed shall be as the

wea - ry head; His bed shall be as the

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "wea - ry head; His bed shall be as the". The piano accompaniment is written in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. It features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.



tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as

tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are "tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as". The piano accompaniment continues with similar accompaniment patterns, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

lead, His food shall to him no

lead His food shall to him no

8va.....

This system contains the first two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The second system has a vocal line in bass clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace.

nourishment yield, Re - fresh - ment none his

nourishment yield, Re - fresh - ment none his

8va.....

This system contains the second two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The second system has a vocal line in bass clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace.

cup, He shall eat the re - fuse

cup, He shall eat the re - fuse

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in a soprano and alto register, both in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The piano accompaniment is in the same key and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

of the gar - den and field of the gar - den and

of the gar - den and field of the gar - den and

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal lines repeat the phrase "of the gar - den and field of the gar - den and". The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, providing harmonic support for the vocal melody.

field, The fe - tid pool, the

field, The fe - tid pool, the

Sva.....
trem:

fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, the

fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, the

Sva.....

fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, shall

fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, shall

8va.....

Detailed description: This system contains two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in a single system with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a complex, rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, shall" on the first line and "fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, shall" on the second line. An "8va" marking is present below the second line of lyrics.

sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and

sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gur - den and

8va.....

Detailed description: This system contains two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in a single system with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a complex, rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and" on the first line and "sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gur - den and" on the second line. An "8va" marking is present below the second line of lyrics.

field, The fe - tid pool, the
 field, The fe - tid pool, the
Sva.....

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "field, The fe - tid pool, the" on the first line and "field, The fe - tid pool, the" on the second line. The piano accompaniment is written in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble.

fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, the
 fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, the
Sva.....

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line lyrics are "fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, the" on the first line and "fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, the" on the second line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic and harmonic patterns as the first system.

fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, shall

fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, shall

8va.....

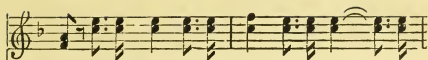
Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "fe - tid pool, the fe - tid pool, shall". The bottom line is a vocal melody in a bass clef with the same lyrics. Below these are the piano accompaniment staves, consisting of a right-hand part in a treble clef and a left-hand part in a bass clef. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and

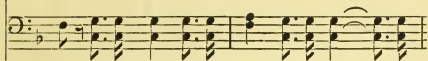
sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and

8va.....

Detailed description: This system contains the second two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and". The bottom line is a vocal melody in a bass clef with the same lyrics. Below these are the piano accompaniment staves, consisting of a right-hand part in a treble clef and a left-hand part in a bass clef. The piano part continues the accompaniment from the first system, with chords and moving lines.

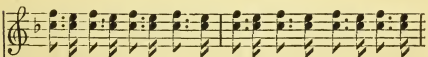
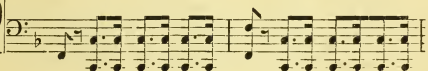
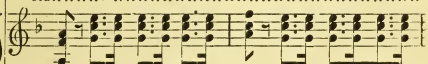


field, There shall be no re - pose for his ach - ing

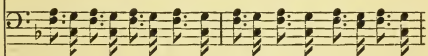


field, There shall be no re - pose for his ach - ing

8va.....

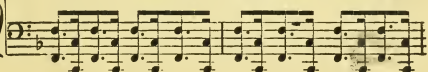
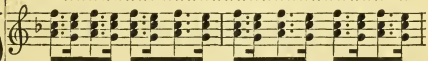


bones, none for his weary head, none for his bones, none for his head, no



bones, none for his weary head, none for his bones, none for his head no

8va.....



none, There shall be no rest for his
 none, There shall be no rest for his
8va.....
Staccato pp

ach - ing bones, None for his wea - ry
 ach - ing bones None for his wea - ry
8va.....

crescendo *f*

head, His bed shall be as the

head, His bed shall be as the

8va.....

crescendo *f* *staccato*

col octavi.....

tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as

tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as

8va.....

lead. There shall be no

lead. There shall be no

ff

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics 'lead. There shall be no' and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The second system has a vocal line in bass clef with the same lyrics and a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. A fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking is placed above the piano accompaniment in the second system.

rest, No rest, No No

rest, No rest, No No

ff *ff*

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth systems of music. The third system has a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics 'rest, No rest, No No' and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The fourth system has a vocal line in bass clef with the same lyrics and a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic markings are placed above the piano accompaniment in both the third and fourth systems.

rest.

rest.

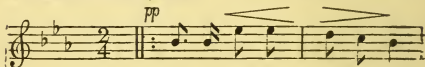
trem: Sea.....

Detailed description: The musical score is arranged in four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble and bass clefs, both with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The second vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G3, a quarter note F3, and a quarter note E3. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The right hand (treble clef) starts with a whole rest, then plays a half note chord of G4 and Bb4, followed by a half note chord of F4 and E4. The left hand (bass clef) starts with a whole rest, then plays a half note chord of G3 and Bb3, followed by a half note chord of F3 and E3. The piano part concludes with a tremolo effect on the G3 note, indicated by the text 'trem: Sea.....' below the staff.

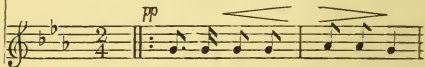
SONG OF ANGELS.

ACT II. SCENE V.

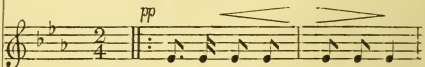
WILHELM SCHULTHES.

Molto Andante e molto espressivo.

An - gels watch a - loft to bear,



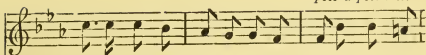
An - gels watch a - loft to bear,



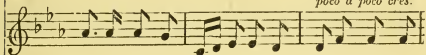
An - gels watch a - loft to bear.



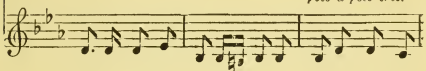
The accompaniment of the piano or harmonium is only to be used, in case the voices have a tendency of lowering, it ought to be played pianissimo throughout.

poco a poco cres.

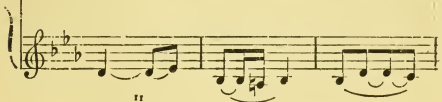
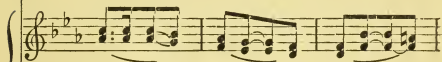
Pilgrim youth thy parting prayer. In-to night's dark

poco a poco cres.

Pilgrim youth thy parting prayer. Into night's dark

poco a poco cres.

Pilgrim youth thy parting prayer. Into night's dark



veil is weaving Golden threads the coming sun.

veil is weaving Golden threads the coming sun.

veil is weaving Golden threads the coming sun.

crescendo

p

Earth's cold gloom be - hind thee leaving, Haste thy course of

be - hind thee leaving, Haste thy

be - hind thee leaving, Haste thy

p *fz* *cres.*

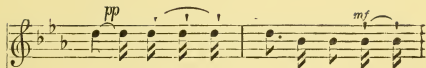
p *fz* *cres.*

p *fz* *cres.*

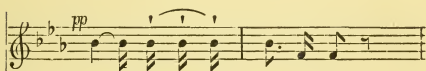
p *cres.*

light to run, Haste thy course of light to run,
course of light to run, Haste thy course of light to run,
course of light to run, Haste thy course of light to run,

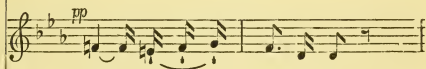
The musical score consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal lines, each with lyrics underneath. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment, with a brace on the left side. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It features various musical notations including accents (>), dynamic markings (f), and slurs. The lyrics are: "light to run, Haste thy course of light to run," "course of light to run, Haste thy course of light to run," and "course of light to run, Haste thy course of light to run,".



Haste thy course of light to run, Pilgrim



Haste thy course of light to run,



Haste thy course of light to run,



rit. molto *pp* *p a tempo*

youth, Pilgrim youth, On our bosoms

rit. molto *pp* *p a tempo*

Pilgrim youth, On our bosoms

p rit. molto *pp* *p a tempo*

Pilgrim youth Pilgrim youth, On our bosoms

rit. molto *pp* *a tempo* *p*

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

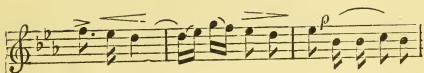
The musical score consists of four vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are repeated across all four vocal parts. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

rest, Wake, wake, a mong thy kin - dred

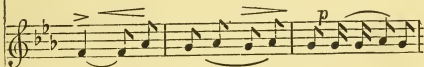
rest, among thy kin - - dred

rest, among thy kin - - dred

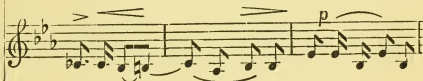
The musical score consists of five staves. The first three staves are vocal lines in treble clef, each with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "rest, Wake, wake, a mong thy kin - dred", "rest, among thy kin - - dred", and "rest, among thy kin - - dred". The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment, with the fourth staff in treble clef and the fifth staff in bass clef, both in the same key signature and time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble.



Blest, among thy kindred Blest, On our bosoms



Blest, a - mong thy kindred Blest, On our bosoms



Blest, a- mong thy kindred Blest, On our bosoms



sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

rest, Wake, wake, a - mong thy kin - dred

rest, among thy kin - - dred

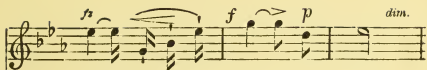
rest, among thy kin - - dred

The musical score is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single treble clef staff and includes three lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) and is enclosed in a large brace on the left side. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings like accents and hairpins.

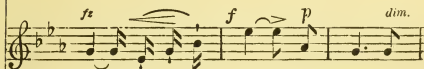
Blest, among - thy kindred Blest, Wake

Blest, a - mong thy kindred Blest, Wake

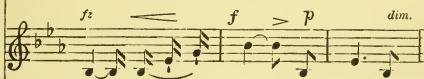
Blest, a- mong thy kindred Blest, Wake



Wake among thy kin - dred Blest.



Wake among thy kin - dred Blest, a -



Wake among thy kin - dred Blest, a -

Piano accompaniment for the first two vocal lines. Dynamics: *fz*, *p*, *dim.*

sempre e rall. *pp*

Wake, wake, wake.

sempre e rall. *pp*

mong thy kin-dred Blest.

e sempre rall. *pp*

mong thy kindred Blest.

sempre e rall. *pp*

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